

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

No. 140.—Vol. VI.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1871.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

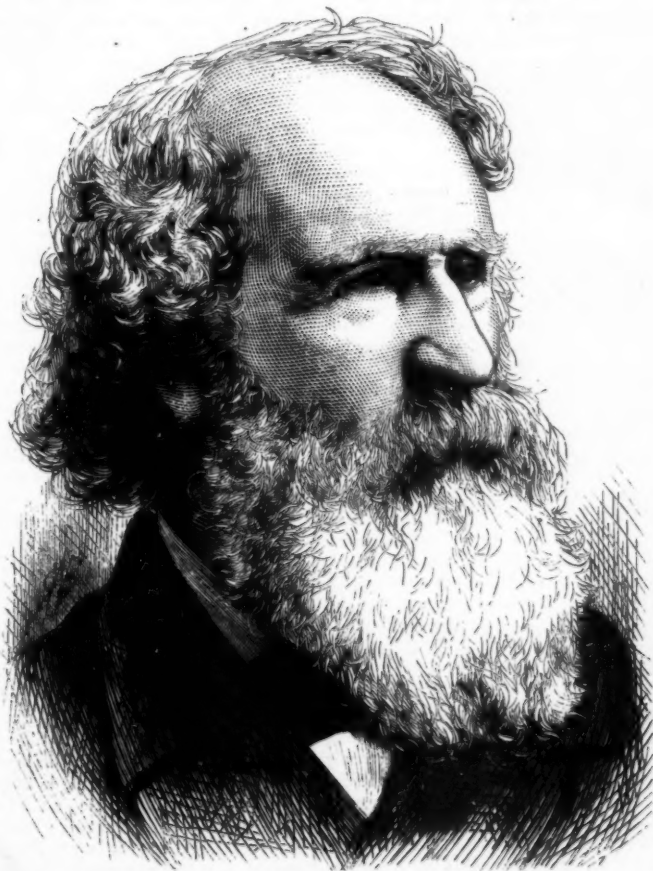
THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

WILLIAM PAGE, one of the greatest of American painters, and president of the National Academy of Design, was born at Albany, January 23, 1811. His father, Levi Page, was the son of a farmer in Coventry, Connecticut, and, after leaving the homestead, followed a singular variety of pursuits, being by turns a mail-carrier on horseback, a printer, a shop-keeper, a navigator on the Hudson, and finally a plane-maker. He was a man of much natural intelligence, and, though imperfectly educated, displayed through life considerable mathematical talent. His wanderings led him to Albany, where he became acquainted with and married a widow named Dunnell, who had several children by her first husband, and whose maiden name was Tamar Gale, and her birthplace Worcester County, Massachusetts.

William was the only child of this second marriage. He received the rudiments of his education at Albany, whence, at the age of nine, he removed with his parents to New York, where he was placed as a pupil with Joseph Hoxie, who kept a somewhat noted school in the Bowery, and who was afterward popular as a politician and as a fluent and hu-

morous speaker at public meetings. He remained under Hoxie's care about a year, and was then transferred

to one of the public schools. Almost as soon as he could handle a pencil, he had shown a marked talent for art, which developed so rapidly that, at the age of eleven, he made a drawing in India-ink of a portrait of Louis XIV. of France, which the principal of his school carried for exhibition to the American Institute, by which a prize was awarded to the youthful draughtsman. In those days, however, art was little appreciated in this country, and was hardly regarded as a regular profession—certainly not as one by which a living could be made. In spite, therefore, of his manifest proclivity for its pursuit, his parents determined to make him a lawyer, and at the age of fourteen he was entered at the office of Frederick De Peyster, a genial and accomplished gentleman, who, while successfully practising law, was himself not without a taste for art, and was then the secretary of the American Academy of the Fine Arts, which had been



WILLIAM PAGE.

founded in 1807, under the auspices of Livingston, Clinton, Fulton, and other prominent citizens. Mr. De Peyster soon discovered that his pupil,

instead of diligently reading Blackstone and Coke, and copying legal documents, was occupying himself in the more congenial task of copying the prints and pictures which adorned the lawyer's office. He took some of his pupil's drawings to Colonel Trumbull, the painter of the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," who was then the president of the Academy, and asked his opinion of their merits. The veteran painter, after examining them, declared that the boy had unquestionable talent, but asked Mr. De Peyster if he could make a lawyer of him. Mr. De Peyster replied that he thought he could; he "had brains enough for any profession."

"Tell him, then," said Trumbull, "to stick to the law, for in that he may attain wealth and fame. As an artist in this country, he can have little expectation of either."

And yet Colonel Trumbull, at this period, was certainly the most successful of our artists. Congress had paid him for his four pictures in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington thirty-two thousand dollars, a sum at that time probably equivalent to four times its present value.

Page, however, was determined to be an artist, and the praise of Trumbull far outweighed, in his youthful and ardent mind, the prudent discouragement of the disappointed and somewhat morbid old man. He quitted forever the lawyer's office, and engaged himself as an apprentice to a portrait-painter named Herring, a man of mediocre ability and not very agreeable character, who turned the talents of his pupil to pecuniary profit by making him paint banners, transparencies, and similar rubbish, for which there was then more popular demand than for real works of art. From this drudgery, however, the boy learned something, and at the end of a year or so obtained admission to the studio of Morse, since famous as the inventor of the electric telegraph, and at that time an artist of genuine skill, who had studied in England under the care of Allston, and had been the pupil of West and Copley. The American Academy, having come to an end by internal dissensions, and by a conflagration which destroyed the best part of its models and drawings, was reorganized in 1828, as the National Academy of Design, chiefly by the influence of Morse, who was elected its first president. Page, whom he treated with great kindness, and who had rapidly improved under his instructions, entered himself a student of the Academy, where the excellence of his drawings from the antique was rewarded by a large silver medal, the first premium given by the Academy to any one. He was then in his seventeenth year.

Just at this period, in the midst of his enthusiasm for art, and with a brilliant career apparently opening before him, he became impressed with strong religious convictions, and joined the Presbyterian Church. With characteristic ardor and sense of duty, he resolved to abandon his cherished avocation and become a minister of the Gospel. He accordingly went to Andover, Massachusetts, to study theology in its celebrated school, and resided there, and afterward at Amherst College, engaged in preparatory studies, supporting himself meanwhile by painting miniatures, for which he got twenty or thirty dollars apiece. At the end of two years of study, however, he found himself in a state of mental doubt on religious matters, which gradually deepened into almost entire disbelief of what he then supposed to be the leading doctrines of Christian faith, and he, of course, renounced all idea of entering the ministry, and abandoned his theological studies. The state of unbelief into which he fell at this period continued for nearly twenty years, until at Florence, Italy, he became acquainted with the writings of Swedenborg, and adopted the doctrines of the New Church, which have ever since had a controlling influence, not only on his life and opinions, but on the style and method of his art.

From Amherst, Page went to Albany, where he opened a studio, and painted portraits with great ardor and success, his works being recognized as equally remarkable for brilliancy of color and accuracy of drawing. He now resolved to go to Europe, and for that purpose went to New York, where he met with a young lady of whom he became enamoured, and whom he suddenly married while he was yet under the age of twenty-one. This connection put an end for the time to his project of going abroad, and he opened a studio on Broadway, was elected a member of the National Academy, and took at once a high position in portraiture and as a colorist. He was selected by the city government to paint a full-length likeness of Governor Marcy for the gallery in the City Hall, and Boston sent for him to paint the portrait of John Quincy Adams for Faneuil Hall. Besides portraits,

he painted at this time a Holy Family, now in the Boston Athenæum; a prison-scene, called "The Wife's Last Visit to Her Condemned Husband," which was exhibited with great success and added largely to his reputation, but which was afterward burnt in a fire that consumed the house of its purchaser. He painted also a picture representing the infancy of Henry IV. of France, which is now, we believe, in a private collection in this city.

In the midst of these labors, while his genius was steadily developing and his fame rapidly growing, his marriage, which had produced three daughters, was terminated, through no fault of his own, by flagrant misconduct on the part of his wife, for which the law promptly gave him a divorce. He married again in 1840, we believe, a young lady of distinguished beauty, and, after a short residence on Staten Island, removed to Boston, where he established his studio on Tremont Street and his residence in Brookline, one of the suburbs of that city.

Page had made several visits to Boston previous to his removal thither, and had formed intimacies with many of its most cultivated and distinguished people. He associated particularly and habitually with a brilliant circle of young men, mostly graduates of Harvard College in the class of 1838, among whom were the poet Lowell, the sculptor and poet Story, and the witty and accomplished Nathan Hale. His life hitherto had been somewhat isolated, so far as intellectual sympathy was concerned; but in Boston he found himself surrounded by companions of the highest calibre, interested, like himself, in the profoundest questions of art, philosophy, and society, and fully competent to their thorough discussion. The friendships there formed have, for the most part, continued unbroken for thirty years, and have had a predominant influence in the formation and development of his tastes, character, and principles, not only as a man, but as an artist.

In 1844 Lowell published the first collected edition of his poems, to which he prefixed a dedication addressed to Page, in which he said: "Sure I am that no nobler, gentler, or purer spirit than yours was ever anointed by the eternal beauty to bear that part of her divine message which it belongs to the great painter to reveal. The sympathy of sister pursuits, of an agreeing artistic faith, and, yet more, of a common hope for the final destiny of man, has not been wanting to us, and now you will forgive the pride I feel in having this advantage over you, namely, of telling that admiration in public which I have never stinted to utter in private."

Before his removal from New York, Page had painted, in the latter part of 1842, an admirable portrait of Lowell, who was then on a transient visit to the metropolis. It now hangs in the hall of Elmwood, the poet's residence in Cambridge, which contains also a fine portrait of the artist himself, painted at the same time. While in Boston, he painted a number of portraits of distinguished citizens, among them two of the venerable Josiah Quincy, then president of Harvard University, one of which now hangs in the college gallery.

In 1847 he returned to New York, where he remained two years, and then went to Europe. He resided abroad about eleven years, chiefly in Florence and Rome. In the latter city, the circle of his intimate friends was enlarged by the addition of the Brownings, with whom he formed relations of the warmest friendship, and of whom he painted admirable portraits. Mrs. Browning speaks of him admiringly in "Aurora Leigh;" and, in his poem of "Cleon," Browning has delineated his character and genius at considerable length, though under a fictitious name.

At Rome, also, he experienced a second domestic calamity. His wife became estranged from him, apparently from no other fault on his part than an intense devotion to art, which did not please a vain and frivolous woman. She separated from him under circumstances which, properly attested, enabled him without difficulty to again procure a divorce in the court of his native State, which never grants divorces without good cause. He made a brief visit to New York for this purpose, and, on returning to Rome, undeterred by these repeated infelicities, intrepidly married a third wife, with whom he came back in 1860 to his native country, where he has since remained. After his return he resided for four or five years at Eagleswood, near Perth Amboy, New Jersey, where he had a studio, and since then has built a house in a secluded situation at the lower end of Staten Island, where he continues to live happily with a devoted and congenial wife and six young children, the offspring of his latest marriage.

The upper part of this house was planned for a studio, but has never been used for that purpose, as Page has established his paint-

ing-room where he designed it.

Entering, you find a square, a ceiling, a floor, entering with anch, recently be- Grand-du-

On the Venues on Mount are also of Rapha that of hi

Critic

"The 'V

beautiful,

technical

of waves,

ment, for

ing to do

wise to a

fills the

"We feel

as simple

its pallid

the group

age, and

in the pre

Over t

third of

which is

be free fr

his main

If you

heavy cru

tall, gray

ures and

"Oh,

voice, an

in the bu

to the ge

room; ca

are two

two or t

Lowell, a

and prof

the Egypt

delights

proportion

covering

a plaster

a mask

of the po

Page's vi

moves th

modern c

scribe, b

of sweet

Mrs. Bro

ing-room in the well-known Studio Building in Tenth Street, New York, where he occupies the large hall in the centre, which was originally designed for a public exhibition-room.

Entering his studio, which is opposite the main door of the building, you find yourself in a large and lofty apartment about forty feet square. The floor is bare of carpet or other furniture, with the exception of a few benches; but on the walls, which are lighted from the ceiling, hang some of his largest and most famous pictures. Opposite you, his full-length portrait of Farragut, in the shrouds of his ship, entering Mobile Bay, hangs in a gilt frame elaborately ornamented with anchors, ropes, and other naval emblems. This picture has recently been purchased by a committee, and presented to the Russian Grand-duke Alexis, who is himself a sailor.

On the same side of the studio is one of Page's golden-haired "Venuses," while his great painting of "Moses, Aaron, and Hur, on Mount Horeb," hangs in another part of the room. There are also his copies of Titian's "Belladonna" and "Flora," and of Raphael's "Madonna del Seggiola," while his own portrait and that of his wife occupy positions on different sides of the walls.

Criticising these pictures, Paul Akers, the sculptor, after the most emphatic eulogy of Page's portraits and Venetian reproductions, adds: "The 'Venus' of Page we cannot accept—not because it may be un-beautiful, for that might be but a shortcoming—not because of any technical failure, for, with the exception of weakness in the character of waves, nothing can be finer—not because it lacks elevated sentiment, for this 'Venus' was not the celestial—but because it has nothing to do with the present, neither is it of the past, nor related in any wise to any imaginable future." On the other hand, the "Moses" fills the sculptor's imagination, and elicits his earnest admiration. "We feel," he declares, "that, viewed even in its mere external, it is as simple and majestic as the Hebrew language. The far sky, with its pallid moon; the deep, shadowy valley, with its ghostly warriors; the group on the near mountain, with its superb youth, its venerable age, and its manhood, too strong and vital for the destructive years; in the presence of such a creation, there is time for a great silence."

Over the entrance-door a broad and deep gallery extends nearly a third of the way into the room, and this is Page's working-studio, which is reached by a narrow, enclosed staircase, where the artist can be free from the interruptions of the numerous visitors who frequent his main exhibition-room.

If you call out "Mr. Page!" from the lower floor of the studio, a heavy curtain which hangs before the gallery is pushed aside, and a tall, gray-bearded man appears, the light falling on his aquiline features and flat eyebrows.

"Oh, how do you do? Come up!" exclaims a mellow and hearty voice, and the visitor, if an intimate friend, a sitter, or a fellow-artist in the building, turns the door-handle, and ascends the narrow steps to the gallery-room above. Page's up-stairs studio is a real work-room; canvases of all sizes stand with their faces to the wall. There are two or three tables covered with paints, palettes, bits of plaster, two or three books, a volume of Swedenborg, a volume or two of Lowell, and of Shakespeare, of both of whom Page is an enthusiastic and profound student; small casts of the Theseus and Ulysses, of the Egyptian standard, or Apollo, by all three of which statues Page delights to test his original and ingenious method of measuring the proportions of the human figure. At one side, but now with a cloth covering it, hangs a work on which he has long been greatly engaged, a plaster head of Shakespeare, made up from photographs taken from a mask discovered in Germany, supposed to be taken from the face of the poet after his death. You may see the cast or not, as it suits Page's views at the time. If he is willing to show it to you, he removes the cloth, and you behold one of the most impressive pieces of modern sculpture—a colossal face, which we will not attempt to describe, but will only say that it is almost awful from the expression of sweetness and serenity which rests upon the noble features, recalling Mrs. Browning's lines in the "Vision of Poets":

"Healthful their faces were; and yet
The power of life was in them set—
Never forgot, nor to forget.

"All still as stone, and yet intense;
As if by spirit's vehemence
That stone were carved, and not by sense.

"All still and calm as statue-stone!
The life lay coiled unforgone
Up in the awful eyes alone,

"And flung its length out through the air
Into wherever eyes should dare
To front them—awful shapes and fair!"

It is a grand face, which has triumphed over the expression of confusion and unrest which the impress of modern ideas inevitably leaves. He may show you the photographs from which he is making the face, if you have not previously seen them; but, at any rate, if you have been allowed to see the face at all, he will resume his work on it. The light from the ceiling falls on his tall but slightly-bent figure, clad in a long coat; on his gray hair, partly covered by a dark-blue skull-cap; on his picturesque beard, and on his pale, strong features, his long, straight nose, his horizontal eyebrows; and, when occasionally he steps back and turns toward you his piercing, deep-set gray eyes, you recognize his fitness to be the artist of the Shakespeare, with its calm, majestic features.

Page's manner and talk when he is painting are naturally somewhat abstracted, yet he rambles on fluently enough, letting fall sentences containing words of deep truth in art, in philosophy, and in morals, varied with an occasional joke or bit of genial pleasantry. Now and then, when he has been some time silent, he breaks out into one of Shakespeare's sonnets, all of which he knows by heart, giving strong emphasis to some particular phrase, by means of which he would elucidate the truth he has been trying to explain; and by his rendering giving such a sense of *newness* to the verses that one feels that he has never known half their meaning until now. The following sonnet, addressed to him by a young lady, well describes his way of reciting poetry, of which his friend James Russell Lowell says he is the best reader he ever heard:

"When the great master's strains thy lips repeat.
My heart is hushed in listening ecstasy;
Ever they seem more humanly complete,
Ever the mind doth fresher beauties see.
But when, alone, my new-found wealth I seek,
Half must I feel a disappointed pain,
To find their power and greeting grown so weak,
And something lost that made their beauty plain.
The full perfection of each golden line,
Each beauteous link of chained harmony;
The mind in these still owns an art divine,
But heart fails quite to bear me company;
Till thy well-loved, remembered tones I give
To words which, at thy voice, take breath and live."

His memory for poetry is really something wonderful. He can repeat almost the whole of Shakespeare, and, we think, knows by heart all the poems of Lowell, for whom he has a most affectionate admiration, and whom he regards as the first of living poets.

Page's skill as a draughtsman was manifested in the most striking manner at the outset of his career as an artist, and has seldom been equalled either in this country or in any other. As a colorist his excellence has been recognized by the most competent critics. Of Titian, whom he considers the greatest of all painters, he has made especial study.

"The laws which Titian discovered have been unheeded for centuries," says an art-critic, "and they might have remained so had not the mind of William Page felt the necessity of their revival and use. To him there could be no chance-work. Art must have laws as definite and immutable as those of science; indeed, the body in which the spirit of art is developed, and through which it acts, must be science itself. He said that, if exact imitation of Nature be taken as the law in painting, then must inevitably occur the difficulty that, above a certain point, paint no longer undergoes transfiguration, thereby losing its character as mere coloring material; that, if the ordinary tone of Nature be held as the legitimate key-note, the scope of the palette would be exhausted before success could be achieved."

"No modern portraits," remarks Mr. Tuckerman, "excel, and few equal, his of Lowell, Mrs. Crawford, Robert Browning, and Charlotte Cushman." "At the risk," says a writer in the *London Art Journal*, "of being thought guilty of exaggeration, I declare, after visiting his studio, that Page is the best portrait-painter of modern times; he has the same traits as Titian and Veronese."

It is true that, while following lines of experiments in other directions, Page painted many pictures in the heavy shadows and dark-colored flesh of which it is scarcely possible to recognize the painter of the gold fleece of hair floating from the head of his Venus, the color and texture of which is so lovely that it has been called the most beautiful hair there is now in the world. But, up and down the

scale of color, in and out from light to shadow, and from opaqueness to transparency, there is still food for profitable study to any one who would know somewhat of the mysteries and capacities of paint, as shown even in the least remarkable of his works.

Of Page's coloring, Paul Akers says: "Mr. Page adopts a key somewhat lower than that of Nature, as a point of departure, using his degrees of color frugally, especially in the ascending scale. With this economy, when he approaches the luminous effects of Nature, he falls, just where any other palette would be exhausted, upon his own, a reserve of high color. With this, seeking only a corresponding effect of light in that lower tone which assumes no rivalry with the infinite glory of Nature, he attains to a representation fully successful."

Page takes the view that a painter should proceed with his work as far as possible as Nature herself does, and he thinks that Titian had the same idea in mind when he said that "flesh would not let itself be painted in less than four paintings," meaning by this that the red muscle must be laid on first, then the color of the under-skin, then a thin veil corresponding to the cuticle, and lastly the fine down, and polish, and hairs, outside of all, each paint showing through the other as their corresponding substances do in Nature. In the same way he looks through one surface into another in the atmosphere in which he places objects in a room which he may be depicting, showing the different distances from the eye of the objects within it, giving each its proper position and relative nearness or remoteness. But it would be impossible for any one but the artist himself to describe his own views, nor is it necessary, since his works themselves tell their own tale, or all that a novice in such matters is able to comprehend.

Apart from his coloring, however, which every one has a right to like or not, as he pleases, his rendering of form and texture in his portraits defies criticism. The impression of weight or lightness, hardness or softness, muscle, bone, flesh, and hair, in them is almost identical in its effect on the mind of the beholder with that produced by the heavy, hanging flesh, the downy softness of the drapery, the muscular knees, and the palpable weight of body, of "The Fates" in the Elgin Marbles. And this perception and mastery of form Page has shown through plaster in his "Shakespeare," as well as by his brush. Standing before his portrait of Wendell Phillips in the present exhibition of the Academy, you feel that you could indent your finger in the soft cheek, feel the bone beneath the muscles of the nose, move the loose skin over the skull on the temples, and be pricked by the close-shaven hairs in the flesh of the skin, while your eye follows the lines and textures of forehead and brow, till eye meets eye, and it seems as if life met life in the wonderful vitality which looks out at you from the face.

The best evidence that could be given of the estimation in which Page is held by those most competent to judge of his merits was afforded by his election, in May of the present year, as president of the National Academy, after an animated contest, in which he had as competitors for the office some of the most eminent of American artists.

SUSAN NICHOLS CARTER.

COUSIN EDITH.

COUSIN EDITH had done me a terrible wrong five years before—a wrong never to be forgotten—scarcely ever to be forgiven. And it is therefore not to be wondered at, when, after my poor father's sudden death, I received a letter from her, asking me to make her house my home, that, destitute and forlorn as I was, without money, without relations, and almost without friends, I hesitated to accept her offer. Necessity, however, compelled me at length to suppress my resentment, and to consent to her proposal, so kindly and so warmly urged. Like most of my sex, indeed, I felt incapable of taking care of myself, and saw no way in which I could earn my living. I therefore wrote to Mrs. Poyner that I would come, and named the train and the hour by which I expected to reach her residence.

I remember well the long, tedious journey to the city, the arrival of the cars there, and the ride through the lighted streets to the door of my cousin's spacious mansion. When I ran up the steps, leaving my trunk to the tender mercies of the hackman, I found, upon being ushered into a cosy back drawing-room, my cousin, Mrs. Poyner,

awaiting me there. I also remember how my heart shook, as I crossed the threshold, how blurred my eyes became to her face, seen now for the first time in five years—her beautiful face, which, in days gone by, I felt had worked me such a terrible wrong.

"O Rachel!"—and I felt two little hands laid on mine, and a soft mouth reached up to touch my rigid one—"you don't know how glad I am that you have come—so glad—for I am all alone now, and, when I heard you were alone, too, I couldn't help sending for you."

"Yes, I was very lonely—very wretched—and wanted a change, so I came; you see, I've gotten over most of the old bitterness, or else I couldn't have come. Is that your child?"

"Yes, this is Rachel; didn't you know that I named her for you?—Ah, but how could you know when you forbade my ever seeing or writing to you again?—you see I disobeyed you this once—although I was almost frightened to death, when I wrote that letter asking you to come and live with me—you are sometimes, or at least you used to be, so cold and cruel, Rachel dear—but, come, I'll show you to your room.—Take Aunt Rachel's bag," she added, turning to the child, who hitherto had stood motionless upon the hearth-rug, staring at me as though I was an escaped wild beast—"and follow us up-stairs;" then she took me by the hand—a pretty, girlish way, which I remembered well and bitterly—and led me, out through the hall, up the staircase to a cosy, muslin-hung room, where the warmth of the shining fire drove some of the shivers out of my heart.

"This is your room," said Mrs. Poyner, not looking at me, but in a nervous, flurried way; "it's opposite mine, and looks out upon the square; for this reason I thought you might like it; I've taken off my mourning, you see, and am beginning to go out again; so, when I am away from you, as I necessarily shall be at times, it will be nice for you to look at the trees and the people passing, it may keep you from feeling lonely;" then she kept on talking until I had brushed my hair, washed my hands, and was ready to go down-stairs again. We had tea by-and-by; and after this came the evening—long, but not dreary—as all first evenings usually are; for, about half-past eight, a gentleman came to see Mrs. Poyner, a very pleasant, witty gentleman, who, by-and-by, I found to be the deceased Mr. Poyner's cousin, Gerald Cary. Thus, my cousin and I did not have an opportunity for a regular good, sensible talk until next morning, when, breakfast over, we sat together in the pretty breakfast-room, with little Rachel seated on a cricket between us, busily intent upon the dressing and undressing of her favorite doll.

"What are my duties to be, Cousin Edith?" I asked, presently, as the silence began to grow insupportable; "I've made up my mind to work, you know—work will do me good; so you mustn't be afraid of loading my shoulders too heavily—the heavier the better, I want you to understand."

"You are more sadly in need of rest than of work, Rachel," answered my cousin; "don't be offended if I tell you you are looking very weak and sick; for, if you don't know how miserable you are, you ought to be told."

"I have come here to get over it. I was sadly in need of both change and dollars and cents; and I intend now to earn these necessities by working hard."

"I wish you wouldn't talk about work, Cousin Rachel; I wish you would learn to love me again the way you used to love me, and let me persuade you to live here with me as my sister might. O Rachel, you don't know how badly I have felt ever since—ever since our old friendship was broken up—I never meant to do it; you told me once, dear, you thought I never intended wrong."

"No, you never intended wrong," I could not help interrupting her, "but you worked it very effectually, nevertheless; however, we won't talk about it now, for it would only be digging over an old grave—and I didn't come here to talk about it."

"But I must say one thing to you, Rachel," interrupted my cousin in her turn—the color coming and going in her cheeks with every word—"I've had it in my heart all these long years—even when we parted at the rectory, and you would not let me utter it, and since you came it has been burning my tongue through and through—it's about the old time—five years ago, when you sent him away without listening to either him or me—O Rachel, how hard and cruel you can be! you are so proud, so sensitive, and he—he was so strong, yet proud and sensitive, too; and I—I loved him—yes, I loved him—" she repeated, defying the little start I gave involuntarily—"he was as much to me as he was to you, only—"

"Only he grew to be more to you, by-and-by," I said, as calmly as I could; "now, Cousin Edith, if you insist upon talking about that matter—I buried it long ago—I shall leave the room; I have good control of myself usually, but I will not answer for the bitter things I may say to you, if you should provoke me to it." Saying this, for the first time, I looked at her and saw two or three big tears running down her cheeks. Little Rachel saw the tears, too, and, upon seeing them, laid her doll deliberately down among the roses of the hearth-rug.

"What do you make my mamma cry for, you ugly, big, rat woman!" cried my interesting namesake, at the same time giving me a little slap; "you rat, mouse, pig woman, I hate you!"—another slap—"there, I do;" then she ran to bury her face in her mother's dress, and to sob as though her heart would break. It did me good to be treated in this manner; for the first time I began to love the child.

"Come back here, you lively toad," I said, laughingly—the first time I had laughed since God only knew when—"you fisty, tearful little mouse, come back here and let the rat eat you up."

"Yes, go, Ray," said Mrs. Poyner, "go and ask Aunt Rachel's pardon for acting in that naughty way, and calling her by those naughty names."

"I won't; she's a rat; I want her to go home—there!"—kick.

"Oh, you little— Once upon a time, in a big hole, there lived a rat—such a big rat—he had two eyes, a tail, and four feet, and, better than all things, he loved to eat little mice up."

"Will you tell me the rest of it, if I'll come there?" queried my namesake as I paused, turning her head to look at me, in a very half-apologetic manner; then, as I went on without noticing her efforts to make up with me at all, but with my eyes fixed on Jenny Lind's immobile countenance, and progressing in my story about the rat who loved to eat little mice better than any thing else, a little body began to move nearer and nearer, until, when the climax of the rat's appetite was reached, my namesake lay half across my lap, her hands clasped together in the intensity of her excitement, the yet tearful eyes fixed staringly on my face.

"I love you," said my namesake, by-and-by, when the rat had died from eating too many mice; "tell me another." After this, as time went on, I became better friends both with my cousin, Mrs. Poyner, and my little namesake Rachel: with the former, because I couldn't help growing to love her again when she showed herself so willing to aid me in ignoring the past, since she saw I desired it so much; with the latter, because she was devoted to listening to stories about rats and mice, and good and bad little boys and girls.

So the winter passed on, the holidays came and went, and, as the snow-season progressed, I could not but acknowledge to myself that, at last, after my many struggles against despair, I had gained, in truth, a haven of rest. During the past five years I had been sorely tried; first by my great trouble, then by my mother's long and painful illness—her death after—until, finally, all my misery culminated on the day in which they brought my father home, killed instantly by a runaway horse. But now, removed so far from the familiar scenes which had been so full of anguish to me, I could not help being grateful to find myself filled with a growing sense of peace. About the middle of January, in the midst of our happiness—Edith's, little Ray's, and mine—a niece of Edith's dead husband came to make her a visit, a bright, gay girl, whose ideas seemed crystallized into the one precipitate of beaux, offers, and parties. "I shall have to give her a party," said my widowed cousin, coming to me for sympathy, "a regular three-o'clock-in-the-morning German, with a grand supper and music, and you must help me do it." I promised to assist her in writing the invitations and to arrange the flowers; having promised this, I looked remindingly at my mourning.

On the day previous to that of the party given by Edith in honor of her young niece, Helen Poyner, I had taken little Rachel out for a walk—I took the child everywhere with me now, for I had grown to love her dearly—and upon our return, when we rushed in from the frosty air into the back drawing-room to warm our tingling fingers and toes at the fire, I found my cousin, Mrs. Poyner, seated there, talking to a gentleman. When I entered, dragging little Ray by the hand and laughing merrily, Mrs. Poyner turned in her chair, with a start and a sudden uplifting of her hands—while the gentleman sprang up to confront me; then I looked, for the first time in five years, into Edward Fairlie's face.

"Rachel!" he exclaimed, coming toward me and holding out both

hands: then he repeated my name as I stood still—"Rachel!" It was some time we remained thus looking at each other, until, by-and-by, when I had succeeded in steadying myself sufficiently, I gave him one of my hands to clasp.

"I have not forgotten you, Mr. Fairlie. Oh, how cold it is! let me get to the fire, please, I am half frozen.—Edith, just be merciful, won't you? move your chair to one side, and give Ray and me a chance to change the color of our noses." After this, I scarcely looked at or spoke again to Mr. Fairlie. In another half-hour I had gone up-stairs and locked my door. I won't tell what I did after I locked my door—it was so weak and babyish—and I was so angry with myself for doing it at all—until, by-and-by, a little nervous tap sounded on the panels. "Let me come in, Rachel," pleaded my cousin Mrs. Poyner's voice; "do let me come in, I want to talk to you."

"Yes, come in," I answered, throwing wide open the door, "the fire's gone out, and I've opened the window; you'll get your death, if you stay here long." When I said that, at the same time shutting down the window, she came close to me, and threw her arms around my neck.

"Rachel," she cried, brokenly, "he's come back."

"Yes, I see that he has," answered Rachel, dryly.

"He surprised me so this morning, I almost fainted; then, when you came in, I didn't know what to do. O Rachel, you must be friends with him."

"Must I?"

"Yes; but don't mock me in that way; I feel badly enough without. I do want you two to make up. After what was between you, it seems so unnatural for you to say sharp, cold things to him, and, when he speaks to you, to look through instead of at him; and he feels it too, Rachel—indeed, he does!"

"And I feel it, too—every bit of it. I assure you, it is no affectation; this hero of yours is nothing more to me now than yonder stone image in the square; so, hereafter, let me treat him according to my own notions of propriety and not yours."

"Don't you love me, Rachel?—This is the first time since—since that morning after you came, that you have spoken to me so coldly. Haven't I done every thing I could to make you happy? haven't I let you work hard when you wanted to work, and let you alone at your desire? And now—now—to have it all spoilt by his coming—oh, it is too bad, Rachel; it is shameful!"

"I am as willing to think that it is shameful, as you think it," I said, managing somehow to unclasp her arms from about my neck; "this man works the devil in me, and against you! I am ready to confess it—there! isn't that pride for you?—ah, well, I am getting old and sober and steadied, and am not capable of suffering now as I once suffered; so go your way, Edith, in peace, and let me go mine—in peace, also."

"But you won't let him drive you away from me? you won't grow hard again, or bitter or cruel?"

"Good God! no; do you want me to say the same things over and over again? There—there—you silly child, you are shivering and so am I; let us go to the fire in your room. Don't fear, Edith, we'll be friends hereafter; you have been so good, so patient, so sweet to me; how could I help loving you, even if—if—this man has come back!"

But this was not the last of it; only, instead of being assailed by her, my own heart took up the battle. During all the rest of that day I succeeded in driving all thoughts of him away from me. All the next day I was uneasy, eager to lose myself in the excitement of the preparations for the party—I, who had hitherto so controlled myself, so proudly revelled in Lethe. I helped Edith dress for the party; I put the white roses in her hair, looped her dress here and there with them, and, when she left me to go down and receive her guests, I took her in my arms and kissed her.

"I only wish you were coming down," she said, returning my caress, "I shall think of you so much, sitting up here in the quiet. O Rachel—you wicked, proud girl—how much I might tell you, if you would only let me! I will tell you. I will brave you one of these times, whether you want me to or not."

When she said that, I let her go. "Don't be in a hurry about it; such confidences will keep; they are so sweet to one's self and one another; in this, as in many other things, 'two's a company;' you know the rest—so run, there rings the door-bell." I sat up there a long while after she went, listening to the opening and shutting of the hall-door, the clatter of carriage-wheels on the pavement outside, the

rattle of silks in the dressing-room adjoining, the burst of music, and, by-and-by, the sound of voices and of dancing. I do not know what drove me to do it—what dangerous yearning, or what despairing will—but, half an hour later, I found myself in the conservatory, sheltered from all view, behind a high stand of plants, with their trailing vines, where, looking through, I could see the ballroom swimming in light, flowered with beautiful faces. I knew he would be there; I saw him enter the room, speak to his hostess, watched them when later, arm-in-arm, they moved down the room to stand near the entrance to the conservatory. As they stood there together—he, grown bronzed, broader in the shoulders, more manly every way—she, *spirituelle*, dove-faced, bewitching—I saw him bend over her in a half-beseeching, half-expostulating way, which made me crouch down on my knees like some guilty thing, my breath to come sharp and quick. I heard him say:

"Edith, I have come back for this—only for this; it has been so long since I went away, and, although I tried to live it down after what had passed, I found the labor to be too great—the ghost not willing to sleep; you must give me hope—"

I could stand much, but I could not stand this; I crept away—away anywhere to get distant from him and her.

I lived it all over again that night, the summer five years gone, the warm, happy months of our love before she came to pervert them, when he had been all in all to me—more than all in all, in fact—my utter life. I remembered so well now, how when she came, fearing perhaps that my beautiful city cousin would not sympathize with me in my great secret, seeming to me so gigantic that only space could contain it—I did not tell her of our engagement, only speaking to her of him as being a very dear friend, whom I had known for a long time, and of whom I was very fond.

So it went on for a long time—her unacquaintance with the truth, his constant presence, my unsuspecting—until the day came, when, finding them alone together, I saw her crying, evidently pleading with him, he comforting her, soothing her in his arms—O God!—long ago as it was, bringing the scene over again to-night, the old stab came back—the old, old agony, shorter and more cruel than ever death was. Well, I sent him away after that, of course—that very night—bade him, in words deadly with bitterness, anguish, hate, begone from my sight, never to let me see his face again, never to hear the sound of his lying voice, and from that night, until the day in which I met him under my cousin's roof, the blank had been complete—my own life empty. She went away too, poor little thing; I blamed her sadly then, quite forgetting that to myself, to my own innocence in throwing them so constantly together, he weak, fickle, she gloriously beautiful, unknowing of my claims upon his love, I owed the catastrophe.

Ah, well, I hated them both at first; but, by-and-by, when he had been gone a long while, and after refusing to listen to any explanations, either his or hers, she had gone away, I heard of her marriage to her now dead husband, a good, worthy man, I could not help doing justice to her, and to believe that she had married him, that Edward Fairlie, hearing of her marriage, might be driven back to his allegiance to me. How, thinking of these things—these deadly, heart-breaking things to-night—the music mocked me! how the words "five years, five years," seemed to yell themselves out at me from its bursts! how sharply I began to realize that, strong as I had hitherto prided myself on being, yet the sight of this man's face, cowardly as I knew him to be, lying in his tongue, false in his heart, was powerful to unbinge all my self-control, to stab my love into life again!

"Gerald is to give Helen a grand sleigh-party the first good snow-day," said my cousin, Mrs. Poynier, the next day at lunch. "You are to go, Rachel—Gerald says so."

"Yes, I certainly say so," acquiesced Gerald Cary, who very often came in to lunch with us; "if you don't give me your promise to go—here in the face of these witnesses—I won't let anybody else go; I will countermand the order for the sleighs."

"Do promise," pleaded Helen Poynier; "if you don't, you will spoil all my fun."

"Is it a conspiracy?" I asked.

"Oh, no," hastened my cousin, Mrs. Poynier, to reassure me; "only Gerald likes you, and wants you to go."

"Oh, I like you ever so much," said Gerald Cary; "won't you promise?"

"How can I help it after such a declaration as that? Yes, I will go, a sleigh-ride will delight my soul." Then, much to my astonishment,

Edith hopped up from her chair, and came round to my side of the table to give me a little squeeze. After lunch was over, while Helen Poynier and Gerald Cary sentimentalized over the rug before the fire, I went into the front drawing-room to get a book, and there Mrs. Poynier followed me. While I stood near the window, turning over the leaves of the book, she came and put both her hands on the covers, shutting them together.

"You must listen to me—I am going to give you a good talking to," she said; "put that tiresome book aside. Listen, I am going to be married."

"Indeed! if that is all, I certainly shall not put the book aside. I am not at all astonished. I knew it before."

"You hateful creature, to be so snubby about it when you see I am quite beside myself! I believe if you lived a thousand years, and were enveloped in earthquakes, with the North Pole hitting you on the head, and rhinoceroses quoting Dante to you, that you wouldn't be in the slightest measure astonished; you exasperate me, but I do love you, O Rachel; after this, there must be no more misunderstanding."

"No, my darling," I said, taking her in my arms to hide my white face from hers; "we have been such good friends during these past months, nothing shall ever again turn me against you; only—only, Edith, I can't help but think him unworthy of you, he is indeed—I know it, I feel it." She reached up then to lay her hand over my mouth. "I think him worthy," she said, very simply. As we stood thus together, she in my arms, her head resting on my shoulder in the old, pretty way, looking past her to the door, I saw it thrown suddenly open, Edward Fairlie standing on its threshold. My book dropped from my hand to the floor. When I raised myself, after stooping to pick it up, in some way Edith had become spirited from the room; he and I stood alone there together. Just as he had spoken to me the other day he spoke to me now: "Rachel," coming toward me, holding out both hands—"Rachel!"

I gave him my hand then, and bade him good-morning.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, looking straight into my face; "how can you stand there and look at me in that way, that cold, contemptuous way? Rachel, your face has haunted me during these five years, as it looks now, as I saw it for the last time; do you remember when you said those dreadful things to me?—have you a soul?—have you a heart?"

"Yes, both, I thank God!"

"Then help me with both; are we not to be at least friends?"

"It may come to that, by-and-by."

"Has she not told you—your cousin—that—"

"Yes, she has told me," I interrupted him as steadily as I could, which was very unsteadily; "let this suffice, I know all." Saying this, I walked away from him to the folding-doors, separating the front from the back drawing-room; "it is warmer in here," I added, as I threw them open and went in to where Edith, Gerald Cary, and Helen Poynier, were sitting together in front of the fire. "Edith, please insist upon Mr. Fairlie's coming here and thawing out his fingers and his conversational powers." Then I felt that I had conquered them all. That very afternoon, a regular orthodox snow-storm set in, raged furiously all night until the sun woke up the next morning and said, Let there be light. Of course everybody immediately began talking about the proposed sleigh-ride; then, by-and-by, Gerald Cary came in to breakfast, and said, sprinkling us all with white crystals: "The boat-sleigh will be round here to call for you at three o'clock this afternoon; only, for fear it won't hold all that are going, I propose taking you, Edith, in my cutter; the blacks haven't been out for a long while, and, although they may be a little wild, yet we will manage them." Then Edith had clapped her hands, vowing that the wilder the horses were the better. How I did wish that Gerald Cary had asked me instead to go with him in the cutter, when the boat-sleigh came for us, and Helen Poynier and I mounted its side into a wilderness of cushions and buffalo-ropes, and I found myself seated directly *vis-à-vis* to Edward Fairlie! Well, I believe I stood, or rather sat, the ordeal bravely; I remember that I came out of my shell, and talked to the strangers round about in such an entertaining, friendly manner, that to Edith, afterward, they declared individually they had never met a more original or amusing person than Miss Lane. Our destination, I soon learned, was a country inn, about ten miles from the city, where we were to have supper and a dance; but, before we got there, quite a fright was in store for us, to add piquancy to the

ride. When about half-way, as the sleigh rushed round the sharp corner, from which the bank ran precipitously down to the river's edge, looking back, we saw the blacks, driven by Gerald Cary, and which had been acting, as I thought, in a dangerously spirited way, suddenly give a bound sideways to the edge, in a manner that caused all of us to jump to our feet, as though anticipating some horrible catastrophe. The next instant we all sat down again, when Edith waved her hand gayly at us, and the blacks came tearing on with the sleigh safe at their heels.

"That is a dangerous place," I heard Edward Fairlie say between his teeth. "Cary ought to know better than to drive so recklessly."

"It isn't Cary, it's the horses," answered another gentleman; "the very devil seems in the brutes to-day; Cary is usually an excellent whip."

Then we went crunching past the drifts, the white-cowled hayricks, and the farm-houses roofed in snow. We reached the inn toward sunset, rosy with our drive, our toes and fingers tingling, our ears and noses quite numb, to find a big bonfire to welcome us, and plenty of mulled wine for the gentlemen, and those of the ladies who might choose to drink it. By-and-by came an excellent game supper and a dance. When we dressed ourselves in our wrappings for the return home, it took me a long while to find my overshoes, which had been spirited away in a truly inexplicable manner, so that upon going down-stairs, to take my seat in the big boat-sleigh, I found no boat-sleigh standing at the door, but, in its place, a cutter, harnessed to two nervous black horses, and a gentleman standing by the groom at their heads.

"Mr. Cary!" I exclaimed in surprise; but the next instant, as the moonlight struck on his face, I saw that it was not Mr. Cary.

"The rest of the party have driven off," he explained; "they waited some time for you, until finally Mr. Cary decided that I had better wait and drive you home in the cutter—I asked him to let me—the horses are a little wild, but I can manage them—you will not be afraid?"

I scarcely answered him as I seated myself in the sleigh; I shrunk back when he came to seat himself at my side. "Let their heads go!" he shouted to the groom; then away we went, speeding through the moonlight, the crisp, fresh snow, under the swinging stars, until I began to grow dizzy and sick with the dread of I knew not what.

"Do not shrink away from me," he said, by-and-by. "Rachel, I could not stand it any longer; it may be taking an advantage of you, but I could not help manoeuvring to get you here, where you could not refuse to listen to me, as you have refused to listen to me during these dreary five years. If I sought you in the regular way, you would not give me even the ghost of an encouragement to endeavor to explain what happened so long ago—it was only left me to be original in this effort—I intend to make the most of it. You must—you shall listen to me to-night."

"You are a gentleman, to force yourself thus upon me."

"Be sarcastic if you will," he replied, kindly. "You shall not deter me. You told me, yesterday, that Mrs. Poyner had explained all to you; you did not speak the truth. Mrs. Poyner herself told me, to-day, you had deliberately managed to avoid giving her the opportunity so to do. She has never told you how I killed her love for me, long ago, by telling her that in loving you dearly, I could never love her. When you found us together that day, I was telling her this—it was the first time she had heard of our engagement—and, romantic little girl as she was, she could not help showing what a hero she had been making of me. Forgive me if I comforted her in the wrong way. She is to marry Gerald Cary now—so it is all over, all necessity for our misunderstanding each other longer—and I thank God it is so. After I have gotten these horses past the big sleigh—they won't allow themselves to be controlled this side of it—you must tell me that I am forgiven."

The people in the other sleigh were singing merrily as we dashed by. As we passed, they stopped to utter a little shout, while above it Gerald Cary's voice rang out: "Take care, Fairlie, going round the corner above the river!" At the shout, just as we were passing, the blacks sprang to one side, there was a great lurch, a snapping sound as of the harness giving way; in another instant, the blacks were off, their heads down, and, in his strong endeavors to master them, Fairlie was dragged forward. I do not know how long it was that we were borne madly along before he broke out: "Rachel, believe me now, I

swear to you, as there is a God above us, you are the only woman I ever loved. I came back for you, only for you."

Not far off now, down in the valley, I saw the river shining in the moonlight; nearer, the sharp turn in the road approaching—between us and it—only the mad brutes—only God's hand. "Is it death?" I whispered. He was still making frantic attempts to control the horses, to turn them aside, to capsize the sleigh; he was fighting heroically, but with no avail. I knew then that God was giving us at least death together. I leaned over to touch him. "I believe you—I love you," I said. Then there was a violent swerving of the sleigh, a terrible jar, and, in another instant, I found myself in an immense snow-drift, clasped in his arms, the mad brutes tearing further on, the sleigh a wreck at their heels.

MARION W. WAYNE.

AIKEN, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Forty or fifty years ago, the long, barren ridge upon which the town of Aiken now stands was emphatically one of the dark sections of South Carolina, being known only as part of the thoroughfare from Charleston to Augusta and the northwestern districts of the State.

It was thinly populated, and the lands around were owned in large tracts by a few proprietors—some six or eight families, in fact, the names of many of whom are still well known in that locality—for example, the Kennedys, Glovers, Lowes, Bartons, and Rogerses. But while many of the original settlers, or rather their descendants, are still living in that neighborhood, the property of the soil has passed into other hands.

The highway, or Pine-log Road, which skirts the southern limits of the town, was traversed by ragged detachments of our patriot armies at the period of the Revolution; and, not only then, but long afterward, it formed the medium of transportation for the agricultural products of the west-country farmers, and the skins and peltries of the mountain-hunters, which invariably went by this route on their way to the merchants and factors of the seaboard.

In 1827, the Legislature of South Carolina granted an act of incorporation to what was called "The South Carolina Railroad and Canal Company." At that time no locomotive-engine had made its appearance upon American soil, nor had any line of railroad of such length been projected elsewhere. When we reflect upon the utter absence of engineering skill and experience, upon the bitter opposition which novel scientific appliances are sure to encounter, especially in provincial communities, and, finally, upon the limited resources of the country and the poverty of the people in general, we cannot fail to appreciate the high-minded intelligence of the legislators who approved, and the courage and enterprise of the stockholders who inaugurated, this enterprise—an enterprise of intrinsically greater magnitude than is the building of the Pacific Railroad now, with the vast wealth, the practical information, and the perfection of labor, scientific and material, at the command of the managers.

The owners of the land on the present site of Aiken were naturally anxious that a depot should be established there, and a settlement begun which might prove the nucleus of a profitable future trade. In order that the railroad company might be induced to carry out their plans, they offered to them alternate lots upon which to build a town; while, luckily, at this juncture, their views were forwarded by no less a personage than the little blind god of the noiseless bow and unerring arrows!

It so happened that a pair of exceedingly beautiful and fascinating young women resided in this section, and so irresistibly attracted by them were the company's civil engineers, who were making the experimental surveys, that they could not find it in their hearts to labor at a distance from the influence of such bright eyes and such bewitching smiles.

Accordingly, the surveyors proceeded to lay out two miles in length on each side of the proposed track, appropriating, with admirable foresight, nearly half the grounds for streets. They made the squares three by six hundred feet each (or four acres), and the streets one hundred and fifty feet wide.

A charter of incorporation was obtained from the Legislature, extending the jurisdiction of the town over four square miles.

A descent from the ridge, of the most abrupt and precipitous character, necessitated the construction of an inclined plane, with a stationary engine to help the locomotives in ascending and descending. The exceedingly heavy grading required at the southwest made Aiken the terminus of the road for the space of nearly two years.

These were the "flush times" of the town and its vicinity. Groups of stores—each an *omnium gatherum* of every conceivable species of goods needed by the backwoods inhabitants or the temporary sojourners in the place—and large storehouses for the safe-keeping of cotton, etc., were erected in convenient positions; a "branch" of the bank of the State was established, and the broad, sandy streets (or rather avenues), resounding with the innumerable bells upon the wagoners' mules and horses, together with the lumbering noise of heavy trucks, and the occasional rattle of drays, showed how busy and profitable the traffic had become.

Rough, sunburnt farmers, dressed in gray homespun, could be remarked along the sidewalks or at the doors and windows of the shops, some accompanied by their wives and daughters, and all eager to secure, in exchange for the provisions or game they had brought in, some precious luxury of civilization.

The wagoners were a race *sui generis*. Often owning little or nothing themselves, they acted as the conveyers of produce—such as wheat, corn, and cotton—entrusted to their care by the wealthier planters among whom they lived; and, though speculation on a large scale was infrequent, because difficult, it must be acknowledged that their general character for honesty was not of the highest. These men, after traversing perhaps hundreds of miles in their clumsy, cloth-covered vehicles, or bestriding their laxy mules (animals as vicious and obstinate as their riders), after camping-out every night for weeks, and supporting themselves upon coarse if not scanty rations, would enter a town like Aiken, burning for excitement and the rude relaxations of the border. They would meet, at the epoch of which we are now speaking, with kindred spirits in the low grogeries and bar-rooms, and the inevitable result, a "free fight," with bowie-knives and rifles, was sure to follow.

Once, in the fall of 183—, there came into Aiken an old trapper and hunter from the neighboring State of Georgia, for the purpose of selling a store of skins and choice venison-hams, which (accompanied by his son) he had laboriously conveyed thither in a rough, springless cart.

Sam Gregory—the old man's name—was known to some persons in the village as a straightforward, honest, simple-hearted Methodist, an individual of few words, but those always civil and amiable, and as easy, on most occasions, to deal with as an unspoiled child. Though seventy years of age, he was as upright as a pine, tall in stature, with undiminished muscular vigor and activity. The son, then about twenty-nine or thirty, was, in the minutest particulars, the image of his father, except that he topped the elder by a couple of inches, although old Gregory was upward of six feet high.

It was "sale-day" upon which these two found themselves mingling with what, to their woodland eyes, seemed quite a crowd, among the shops and warehouses of Aiken. A merchant, with whom Gregory had been accustomed to treat in the disposition of his hides and hams, having left the place, our hunter was compelled to seek custom elsewhere. He went from shop to shop, exhibiting specimens of his stock-in-trade, but luck was against him; he could obtain no purchasers upon any thing like fair terms.

At length he came to an establishment which, supposing it to be a grocery, he carelessly entered, his son just behind him. It was not a grocery, however, but a notorious bar-room, kept by a fellow who rejoiced in the nickname of "Bully Bob," one of those desperadoes who infest all new societies, and are the terror of the virtuous and inoffensive.

Bully Bob was even worse than his class in general. Having grown rich by the sale of liquors, he waxed outrageously impertinent, organized a "body-guard" of "Mohawks," who obeyed his slightest nod, and were the pests of the soberer portion of the community both night and day. One of the bully's rules (as sternly carried out as the laws of the Medes and Persians) was that no man, woman, or child, should enter his bar, no matter *how* or *when*, without being made to drink!

In this unhalloved place, and in the presence of the bandy-legged, beetle-browed, broad-chested, and fiery-nosed genius of the same, the Gregoryses now stood, looking about them in that lost, bewildered way

characteristic of the backwoodsman in town or city, and the effect of which is half ludicrous, half pathetic.

"Well, strangers," growled Bully Bob, "aire ye a-going to stop thar all day? Wat's the likker?"

Old Sam explained in his simple, innocent way that he had made a mistake as to the place, and that "fact was, nuther Jemmy" (pointing to his son) "nor his dad (that's me, boys) ever tuk to likker yet, nor ever mean to!"

Whereupon he turned to the door, and seemed about to leave. "None o' that, now!" yelled Bully Bob, leaping the counter and locking the door instantly, the key of which he put into his pocket. "You d—d old cuss," he continued, "I'll make ye swill a pint o' whiskey neat, and pay double for it to boot!"

Here was a dilemma. Bully Bob was supported by half a dozen of his reckless myrmidons, and to attempt resistance seemed madness. That did not strike the Gregoryses, however. After recovering from a little natural surprise at the unexpected position, the elder demanded their freedom. "Let us go!" said he. "When you've done your duty, and obeyed orders," replied Bob, who had again taken his place behind the bar, and was searching among his bottles. Sam wheeled round, but quite deliberately, and walked toward a back door that was open, beckoning Jem to follow. But three of Bob's "Mohawks" put themselves coolly in his way. "No use, old 'un," said one of them, with a provoking grin,

"Do as you're bid!"

"And you'll after be chid!"

piped another, with an Irish accent, and the flourish of a huge stick.

Perhaps it was the threat, or insult conveyed in this movement, which roused old Gregory's blood; but certain it is that the next instant he had dashed his opposers vigorously aside, and might have gained the door and passage-way beyond, if the entire party in Bully Bob's interest had not come up and attacked him.

They were six men in all with whom the Gregoryses fought, at first with no weapon but Nature's; but at length, a pistol having been discharged at the old man's head, he drew his long, keen *cousteau de chasse*, cut down two of the assailants, seized Bully Bob—who had just joined the *mêlée*—by the "scruff" of the neck, and, through a storm of bullets, rushed from the back entrance round into the street, dragging the amazed and discomfited bully along with him. Jemmy staggered after his father, wounded and bleeding.

"Hurt, Jem?" asked the elder, briefly. "Done for!" answered Jem, with equal consciousness, and sinking slowly to the ground. Then the spectators, attracted by the previous firing, witnessed a terrible scene. The old man looked upon his son and saw that he was dying. He looked next at the wretch upon whom his grasp, firm as iron, still rested, regarded him for one fleeting moment with an indescribable expression which appeared to paralyze the ruffian, then, with a jerk, he pulled the heavy body up, as if it had been a little child's, bent it backward across his knee, so that he could see his enemy's face to the last, and with a dreadful calmness proceeded to stab and disembowel the victim, whose quivering remains he threw from him, when all was over, with a single, half-smothered cry of satisfied rage, which none ever forgot who heard it.

In a few minutes more Jemmy too was dead.

That night, untouched by the hand of the law, old Gregory, with the body of his son in charge, returned to his backwoods home. He was never again seen or heard of by any of the Aiken people.

But the "flush times" of Aiken were not of long duration. Energetically carried forward, the railroad soon reached Hamburg, whereupon almost the whole of the lucrative cotton-trade was transferred thither. Then came the great commercial crash of the year 1837, and, to verify the proverb which maintains, in effect, that misfortunes are gregarious, moneyed troubles were made worse by a fire that consumed the larger portion of the business street and the public buildings. A report, accounting for the origin of this fire, says that a certain young man, either a clerk or storekeeper, "possessed by more partiality for puppies than prudence for property," in attempting to smoke out a nest of yellow-jackets which was inimical to his canine pets, first set the flames burning.

Many weary years of depression ensued; and Aiken threatened to remain in *statu quo*, or even to degenerate into an insignificant depot, or paltry trading-post, when rumors of the sanitary nature of its climate, and of extraordinary cures effected in the case of persons

supposed to have been hopelessly ill, drew the attention of invalids in the lower country, who were the first to test its dry, tonic air, and to discover that its healing virtues had not been exaggerated. Invalids were soon followed by large numbers of planters from the seacoast, and merchants escaping from the heat and mosquitoes of Charleston.

Men of wealth erected summer-houses in the village and its vicinity, while permanent residents were, every season, added to the population in the shape of families, some member or members of which were sufferers from chronic ill health. Thus a refined, high-toned, and educated society arose, as different in manners and *morals* from the rude "border ruffians," who had frequented Aiken in its "flushed youth," as it would be possible to imagine.

The hotel business became an especially large and profitable one, four establishments of the kind having been erected to afford accommodation to transient visitors. There were two seasons for business in this line: the one from November to June, for Northern consumptives; the other from June to November, for Southerners from the lowland parishes, and the towns and cities along the coast. The largest and best kept of the hotels is known as the "Schwartz House." Originally, it consisted of a small two-story building, which served as a breakfast-house for passengers from Augusta to Charleston. This having proved insufficient, other buildings were added, with far more regard to space than symmetry, until the interior became like an old English inn, with its long passages, beginning often in a doubtful twilight and ending in the confusion of absolute darkness; its odd collection of steps, some leading almost perpendicularly upward, and others leading no less steeply downward; its turnings, without number, which bring up to a blind wall quite as often as any particular apartment; long staircases, very narrow and dismal, and corridors which, in due course of time, will each have its ghost, we suppose.

In 1854, the building now constituting the main portion of the hotel, was added on to the western end, as a necessary wing. An airy and rambling sort of rookery, it was inhabited, during the war, by scores of refugees from Charleston, Beaufort, and the entire line of coast open to the ravages of the enemy.

We have alluded to the *inclined plane*, and the engine stationed there to aid the ascending and descending locomotives. So great was the delay, and even danger, caused by this awkward arrangement, that the track of the railroad, though at considerable expense, was changed. This new way was cut through the solid hills. It has a grade of sixty feet to the mile for five miles, and passes through the very heart of Aiken by a cut so deep that passengers can see but little of the place. The old deserted track, we understand, has been degraded into a common *sewer*, and now serves as an excellent drain to carry off the superfluous rain-water from the town.

The impression made upon a stranger by the first sight of Aiken is, we must acknowledge, of a somewhat dismal description. Although occupying an elevation nearly seven hundred feet *above* the sea-line, the environs of the town, or, at least, the town itself—owing to the gradual character of the ascent—has a certain appearance of flatness, and that gloomy monotony which seems inseparable from it. One can hardly realize that he stands upon the loftiest point between the city of Charleston and the Savannah River.

Proceeding from the depot upward, we reach the hotel just described, which, flanked by its whitewashed livery-stables, and surrounded by ample verandas (or piazzas, as the Southerners call them), presents a comfortable if not elegant appearance.

Strolling past, we come to Railroad Avenue, once a favorite street, and still adorned by a few handsome private residences, beyond which is the Main Street, pleasantly shaded by the "pride of India," and other Southern trees, and the scene, at certain hours of the morning, of a sufficiently brisk trade with the townspeople and neighboring farmers. The shops are low, one-storied structures, but generally exhibit an ampler and better stock than one would expect to find in so comparatively provincial a thoroughfare.

While the town *proper* is chiefly situated on the west side of the railroad—because of the more level character of the ground adapting it for business purposes—the greater number of summer residences lie scattered about on points and promontories overlooking the more broken ground toward the south. It is melancholy to walk among these residences, still encompassed, as the majority of them are, by evidences of the taste and culture of their proprietors, side by side

with evidences quite as patent of the utter poverty under which those tastes are buried now.

The absence of paint, whitewash, and repair—in a word, of that general neatness to which the Northern visitor is accustomed at home—must, of course, strike him disagreeably.

But there are pleasanter sights awaiting us, if we choose to prolong our ramble. The first is a view of the Coker Spring (named after the original owner of the adjacent lands), which is only fifteen minutes' walk from the Railroad Avenue, along a broad, well-travelled road. It bubbles up in the green lap of a delightful, picturesque valley, and is surrounded by a neat enclosure, to protect it from wandering cattle. The water is exquisitely clear and cool, possessing no medicinal quality, but well charged, the chemists tell us, with fixed air, and containing the slightest trace of soda! A few hundred yards farther on, in another shaded and beautiful valley, there is a second natural fountain, named the Calico Spring, from the great abundance of the calico-bush, or laurel (*Calmia latifolia*), which line the steep hill-sides in every direction. The spring itself peeps forth, like the shy, glancing eyes of some tremulous naiad or wood-nymph, shrouding her coy loveliness underneath a wealth of foliage, and seeming only the more irresistible because of the "brief, indeterminate glimpses" we can catch of her beauty in its leafy dress of azaleas, kalmias, and other varicolored flowering shrubs.

Retracing our steps, we return to the Coker Spring, where we can, if weary, refresh ourselves by a warm bath and a cup of "bouillon" at an establishment near by. There, and everywhere around Aiken, the atmosphere is impregnated with that balsamic aroma of the pine, so particularly grateful to diseased or delicate lungs.

The geologist or geological student will find something to interest him in the singular formations and strata laid bare by the railroad cuttings. In the winter the tall evergreen pines predominate over the deciduous trees and shrubs; but, when Spring lays her fair, creative hand, and breathes her breath of "palingenesis" over the earth, the woods are transfigured, as by enchantment, into haunts of every variety of wild-flower, the imperial richness of some species of which is in strange contrast with the dry, white, desert-like sand wherefrom they spring.

Cryptogamous plants are not as abundant, either as individuals or species, as in moister climates; still, there are enough of them to reward the collector for his search.

A drive over the hills from Aiken toward Graniteville will repay the lover of pretty views, and all who have an artist-eye for "quiet effects." We first encounter the settlement of gentlemen's houses—two miles from Aiken—called Kalmia, an agreeable little burgh, which can show several fine mansions, with highly-cultivated, terraced grounds, and gardens of the choicest flowers. Only three miles farther, we come to Graniteville. Just before reaching it, we pause on the summit of Chalk Hill to admire the extensive prospect of the valley of Horse Creek. To the right are seemingly interminable forests of pine, with hills in the distance; below, are the two reservoirs that feed the canal, furnishing water-power to the mills; and right beneath, on the banks of the small river, stands the manufacturing village. From the lookout we occupy can be seen, on a clear day, the spires of the city of Augusta, with the variegated aspects of a broken, uncertain, but picturesque country—all below and about us.

As we descend the hill-slope, we perceive that we have entered upon a busy territory. Up on the heights behind, Nature broods with her eternal calm; but here, the noise of wheels, the hum of machinery, the preoccupied air of those you meet, the regularity and neatness of the streets and houses of the little manufacturing settlement, with cool shade-trees and gardens of bright flowers in front—all remind the visitors more of their cheerful Northern homes.

The Graniteville Factory was founded in 1845, by the late William Gregg, an opulent Charleston merchant, to whose enterprise, untiring energy, and prudent foresight, it owes a long career of prosperity.

From the ever-active life of the factory and its laborers, a short road on the left leads to a secluded cemetery, whose well-kept alleys and verdant mounds prove that the children of toil, who at last rest beneath, are not forgotten by those who still continue to endure the "burden and heat" of life's weary day.

One may enjoy another pleasant drive in a visit to Breeze-Hill Farm, passing, on the way, the Derby farm—with its fifteen thousand peach and apple trees, and its forty thousand grape-vines—Mezula, and other fine places. It would be well to stop at the orchard and

vineyard of Mr. Walker, not omitting a call at the wine-cellar, and the purchase of some bottles of the pure juice of native grapes.

Thence proceed to the Salubria apple-orchard, and to the Buhr stone-quarry beyond, where you can examine the rocks for specimens of sea-shells formed millions of years ago! On, again, to Montmorency! take a view from Lookout Rock, and refresh yourself with a glass of water from the spring under a rustic rose-covered bower.

Passing Johnson's Turnout, follow the railroad homeward, in front of the estate of Ravenswood, and, when you reach the town, which is now close at hand, do not forget to refresh yourself with at least one bottle of Schwieren's sparkling Catawba or mellow Scuppernong.

It only remains for us to say that Aiken is particularly rich in provision for both one's spiritual and physical needs. The village contains five churches—four Protestant and one Roman Catholic; and some physicians of distinction are permanent residents of the place. Among them, we may mention Drs. Amory Coffin and Geddings, to whose admirable little pamphlet upon Aiken and its peculiarities we are indebted for much of the *matériel* employed in the foregoing sketch.

Within a year or two another physician, Dr. P. G. Rockwell, from Connecticut, has built a large hotel, called the Sanatorium, on a fine site at the head of the old inclined plane. It is admirably situated, and commands an extensive and picturesque prospect.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN JAVA.

IN the years 1836-'37 there lived in Sumadang, in the Preanger Regency, in the western part of Java, a family named Von Kessinger. Herr von Kessinger, a German by birth, was in the service of the Dutch Government as assistant-resident, then the highest functionary of a district, or sub-residency. The family consisted of only two persons, himself and his wife, a lady born in the Indies. They had no children, but, on the other hand—a very common custom in India, and especially in childless European families—a little native girl, of perhaps ten years of age, had free and unchecked entrance to the house at all times. The father of the child was Madame Kessinger's cook.

Herr von Kessinger, like all the assistant-residents in Java, lived in what was called by courtesy a government mansion, a one-story house standing in a garden, built of wood, and with the customary tiled roof. One day the little Indian girl was playing about as usual in the apartment of Madame Kessinger, whose husband was absent on a so-called "tour of inspection." Suddenly the child started up, ran sobbing to the lady, and complained that some one had sprinkled her white *kabays* (the universal native garment, open before, and like a coat) with red-betel juice.

The matter was immediately inquired into, but without reaching any result. Madame Kessinger supposed, very naturally, that the spots proceeded from the rudeness of some one of the superfluous hangers-on among the servants. A clean frock was given to the child, and the trouble was supposed to be settled. Immediately, however, the little girl came crying as before, and again her *kabaya* was found to be stained with the red-betel juice, and, at the same moment, a stone, the size of a hen's egg, fell at the feet of Madame Kessinger, as if thrown from the ceiling. These same manifestations were repeated several times successively within a short interval, so that Madame Kessinger at once sent a servant to the regent, or prince, of the natives, who lived opposite, to beg him to come to her immediately.

The regent, who held his authority under the Dutch Government, was regarded as a man of tried capacity and integrity. He hastened without delay to the house of the assistant-resident, and soon had an opportunity to convince himself of the truth of what he had heard. He immediately took all possible measures to put an end to the disturbance. He took possession of the house with his retinue, and then sent every one except the child out of the room. But, nevertheless, the spots continued to appear on her clothing. Now and then, too, a stone fell, and, as the case remained inexplicable, it was at length resolved to call in the chief priest that the evil spirit might be exorcised. Mean-

while, the twilight had fallen; the chief priest arrived at the house, spread down his mats, and, having seated himself, opened the Koran, and prepared to read aloud from it by the light of a lamp. Scarcely, however, had he begun, when a blow from an invisible hand knocked the holy book in one direction and the lamp in another.

Madame von Kessinger now became too much alarmed to think of spending the night in this haunted dwelling with only the child, and accepted the invitation of the regent to go to his house with the little girl and remain until the next day. While there, the child was unmolested. Meantime, messengers were sent to recall Herr von Kessinger, and scarcely had he returned with his wife and the child to their own dwelling when the same visitations were repeated.

During the night a stone rarely fell, and by day the girl alone was stained with the betel-juice, while every other person was untouched. The story of this strange event spread quickly to all the larger towns adjacent, and finally came to the ears of the governor-general in Buitenzorg, who immediately sent one of his adjutants, Major Michiels, a veteran officer of high character and intelligence, to bring back a report of the facts.

Upon his arrival, Michiels found the whole affair exactly as represented, and instantly made his arrangements to sift the matter to the bottom. The house was surrounded with soldiers, and persons were posted on the roof and in the nearest trees. The apartment which he selected for himself was metamorphosed into a tent by means of white cloth; he then took the child on his knee, and again it was spattered with betel-juice as before, and again stones fell, without, however, striking any one. The stones were of a very ordinary kind, such as were to be found everywhere on the roads and in the garden-walks. When the sun shone hot, they felt warm; when it rained, they were wet, as if just picked up. Usually five or six fell in quick succession, after which an interval of perhaps half an hour would follow without any. Nowhere did the finely-woven linen of the tent exhibit a hole. The stones fell always in a straight direction from above, and first became visible to the eye at a distance of six feet from the ground. On one day they gathered up of these stones a tolerably large boxful. Once only a papaya-fruit, a sort of melon which grows on a species of palm, fell into the room, and, when the surrounding floor was searched, the stem also was found from which it was broken. From the leaf-stem great drops of the milky sap still exuded. At another time a lump of plaster, as large as a man's fist, fell into the tent, which, as was afterward found, fitted into the corner of the hearth in the kitchen. At another time the impression of a moist hand was plainly seen to pass across the surface of a pier-glass; and chairs, glasses, and plates, were moved.

Michiels remained several days at Sumadang, but arrived at no solution of the mystery. In due time a report of these strange occurrences reached Holland, and even attracted the attention of the king.

In consequence of this, an order was sent to India that another attempt to discover, if possible, the clew to these manifestations should be made. The writer of these lines found himself, in 1854, in Sumadang, and occupied there the same house in which the Von Kessinger family formerly lived, and in which the scenes just described took place, and there were living at that time as many as twenty eyewitnesses of the occurrences. Most of these were natives, but there were among them two Europeans, and their testimony, given independently of one another, is the basis of the present account.

The Kessinger family had long been gone from the Indies, the old regent was dead, the little girl, the heroine of the transaction, had already become a grandmother, and was in the service of Herr A. Band, a tea-planter of Java, but her early experiences had never been renewed or explained.

Several gentlemen offered a reward of two hundred gulden to any person who would give them an opportunity of witnessing such a *gendardia*, as the natives called the manifestation, but there were no further revelations at that time. And the new investigations, like the former, have had no decisive results.

General Michiels avoided, with sensitive reluctance, in after-years, any relation of these occurrences, and even any allusion to them, as soon as he discovered that his account was usually received with a smile. In the year 1847 it happened one day that General von Gergern, then accompanying the embassy extraordinary to India, dining with him, pressed him to give some account of the affair. Michiels refused at first, and yielded only after being repeatedly urged; but, as

General von Gagern could not repress a smile, so violent a scene took place in consequence that he was finally obliged to make a formal apology.

In consequence of the personal commission of the government, the present Resident of Sumadang takes a special interest in procuring intelligence from elsewhere with regard to this species of spiritism, and from the Regent of Sukapure, in the southern portion of the regency, he learned directly that, during the lifetime of his father, a very similar case occurred, in which he himself was personally concerned. Some few miles from Sukapure there lived, at that time, a family named Tesseire. M. Tesseire, a native of France, was overseer of an indigo-factory at that place, belonging to the government. Although at that time (this was in 1834) the culture of indigo was regarded as a heavy burden by the natives, and the government was ultimately obliged to give it up as impracticable in that region, yet all accounts unite in saying that M. Tesseire and his family were beloved by the inhabitants, and looked upon as good and friendly people.

As this family was one day at dinner, suddenly there fell several large stones in the middle of the table; and from that moment this was repeated regularly and almost uninterruptedly for a fortnight—sometimes in one, sometimes in another, apartment of the house. Several times M. Tesseire himself, while in the open field, riding on a buffalo-car, was pelted with earth and buffalo-dung. At another time, buffalo-bones fell into the room, and once even an entire skull.

These objects always fell in a perpendicular direction from above, and, exactly as in Sumadang, became visible at the height of five or six feet from the floor. No injury was done to the inhabitants of the house. The Regent of Sukapure, a friend of M. Tesseire, immediately hastened to him, and one of the chambers of the house was prepared, as usual, for his reception. Hardly, however, had he retired to bed—as his son, the young regent, declares—when, before the eyes of the latter, the bed was first shaken, and then lifted from the ground several times. A light was burning in the room at the time, and several persons belonging to his *suite* were present. The regent sprang alarmed from his couch, and immediately left the house.

The building itself stood on the high and almost perpendicular banks of the Tjitandoog, a mountain-torrent, which foamed and boiled a hundred and fifty feet beneath. The regent declared that several times they had marked one of the stones that fell with a line or cross of white-betel lime, and had then thrown it into the stream below, and that the same stone, wet, and with the same mark, had always reappeared, and often scarcely a minute after it had been cast into the waters so far beneath.

The manifestation here, as in Sumadang, was entirely harmless, but continued a much longer time. The resident Ament testified to having been also an eye-witness of similar scenes.

When inspector of the coffee-culture, he was on a journey through the Preanger Regency, and, while in Bandong, he heard of one species of *gendaria* that had appeared in a little house occupied by an old Sundanese woman, which stood behind the dwelling of the Assistant-resident of Bandong. The name of this assistant-resident was Nagel. It was agreed between Ament and Nagel, together with the Regent of Bandong (the native prince), to search out the case to the bottom. They took with them the native militia, and invested the house, as had been done in Sumadang. It had, like all the native houses, only a single dwelling-room. The old woman walked in first, immediately behind her the resident Ament, then the assistant-resident, and the regent with his *suite*. A narrow path led up to the door.

No sooner had the old woman stepped over the threshold than she was seized by the feet, and by an invisible hand dragged forward several steps, screaming loudly for help. The house was, as already said, entirely surrounded by the soldiery; the room, like all such little bamboo-houses, was without a ceiling, and open to the roof, under which a linen awning was stretched. The inspector Ament entered next, but had scarcely passed the door when a handful of coarse sand was thrown with great force against his breast. M. Ament, a very intrepid man, has since told me that nothing would have given him greater satisfaction than to make the experiment again, but that he has never had another opportunity. Here, also, the most exact and exhaustive investigations led to no results.

Within the last twenty-five years, the *gendaria* has become more rare; indeed, it has wholly ceased to appear, or perhaps is concealed

by the natives through an apprehension of ridicule. But about twelve years ago there appeared something of a similar nature, also in Bandong, and the assistant-resident Vissher van Gaasbees went instantly to the house, but saw no manifestations.

With the more liberal, and even in some measure cultivated, regents and smaller chiefs of the country, one can converse calmly upon these mysterious appearances. They confess that they believe firmly in the reality of them, but say that they are not able to explain them. The really highly-intelligent Regent of Tjamis has even said: "I believe that there are families in which the power of rendering themselves invisible is hereditary, and that it is in consequence of the gradual extinction of these families that the visitations of the *gendaria* are less frequent at the present day than heretofore."

Such is the account given by credible witnesses, who, it cannot be doubted, are fully convinced of the truth of what they affirm. It must always be an interesting subject, but in what degree it is to be attributed to self-deception on the part of those concerned is left to the judgment of the reader.

BIRDIE'S MORNING SONG.

I.

WAKE up, little darling, the birdies are out,
And here you are still in your nest!
The laziest birdie is hopping about,
You ought to be up with the rest:
Wake up, little darling, wake up!

II.

Why, here I've been singing an hour or more
The sweetest that ever I knew;
The gold of the morning peeps in at the door,
I know it is looking for you:
Wake up, little darling, wake up!

III.

I've hopped all about on your pillow, in vain;
I've bathed in the deeps of my cup;
I've played in your tresses, again and again—
You're wonderful hard to wake up:
Wake up, little darling, wake up!

IV.

Oh, see what you miss when you slumber so long—
The dew-drops and beautiful sky!
I couldn't sing half what you lose in my song;
And yet, not a word in reply?
Wake up, little darling, wake up!

V.

The leaves and the grasses are twinkling in glee;
The brook and the sweet baby-rill
Are calling a welcome to you and to me,
And here you are slumbering still:
Wake up, little darling, wake up!

VI.

I've sung myself quite out of patience with you,
While mother bends o'er your dear head;
Now birdie has done all that birdie can do,
Her kisses will wake you instead!
Wake up, little darling, wake up!



BIRDIE'S MORNING SONG.

T
and
in
ing
he
on
sur
him.
the
ful
are
unif
all
midd
that
regio
frequ
the
the
veget
up
shoul
and
heart
lang
them,
of
out
The
suffici
look
profus
can
of
ally
depend
shap
times
canop
of
from
and
weath
easy-g
stream
idling.
All
dition
Somet
strang
special
of
May
of
dle-wh
the
ing
I
termin
no
channe
at
with
"It
"Sam,
got
The
and
It
ing

ON BAYOU TECHE.

THE tourist who penetrates the swampy region lying along the gulf to the westward of New Orleans as far as Berwick Bay, and thence takes a new departure up Bayou Têche, will find himself in a country appropriately styled the Garden of Louisiana. Ascending the stream as it winds and turns some forty miles to New Iberia, he will traverse a belt of land not two miles in average width, bounded on either side by solemn forests and dreary swamps; and he will survey, with wonder and delight, the exuberance of Nature around him. Plantations of majestic sugar-cane fill up the background of the picture seen through the vistas of the mighty oaks and the beautiful magnolias that abound. The pleasant mansions of these parishes are built with their rear verandas often overhanging the water, their uniform white affording a striking contrast to the varied hues of green all about them. Ponderous brick sugar-factories are seen in the middle distance; and every aspect of these plantation dwellings is that of ease, comfort, and hospitality. Nature, in truth, in these fertile regions sets an example to man of profusion. Orange-groves are frequent; and tropical fruits of almost every variety abound; the varied tints of brilliant flowers meet the eye on every side; the trees are clad in almost perennial green, and many of the vegetable products are twice harvested in the year. A little farther up the country, where the prairie-land widens out on either hand, we should find the descendants of those who left Acadia with the Gabriels and the Benedicts of that sorrowful episode. They are a simple, good-hearted people, unmistakably French in their ways as well as their language. The war laid the dreadful hands of fire and ravage upon them, as upon the dwellers of all the Têche country; but the years of peace must have restored nearly all that was destroyed throughout these interesting regions.

The traveller on this little stream, which in places is hardly of sufficient width to permit the passage of two steamboats abreast, will look with ever-increasing interest upon the eccentricity as well as the profusion of the vegetable growths that thicken about him. If he can succeed in withdrawing his attention from the swarming tribes of animal and insect life which these teeming elements are continually bringing forth, he will not fail to note the parasitic moss which depends in graceful festoons from the trees, often forming grotesque shapes and figures. The trees on opposite sides of the bayou, sometimes interlock their branches above your head, and stretch a green canopy between you and the sky. Drooping branches sweep the sides of your boat, and your hands may frequently pluck fruits or flowers from the stem. There is always shade enough to shut away the sun, and the heat is not more oppressive than that of much of the summer weather that we experience in the latitude of New York. But, to the easy-going planters, whose cool, attractive mansions border this stream, the mid-day heat of these summer days brings rest, repose, or idling, in the most comfortable nook that can be found.

All this exuberance of vegetation is the natural and ordinary condition of this region during more than half the months of the year. Sometimes it assumes extraordinary phases—more so, no doubt, to strangers than to the natives, the latter not regarding them with special wonder. I was a witness to one of these unusual exhibitions, of which I desire to make a brief mention:

May, 1863, I had taken passage on one of the small steamers of the quartermaster's department at Franklin; and with both paddle-wheels working, and the current with us, we were descending the stream at the rate of perhaps twelve miles an hour. Standing at the bow, that I might the better overlook the fair panorama, I saw straight ahead what seemed at first sight to be the abrupt termination of the bayou, forming a *cul-de-sac* of water. There was no turn of the stream to promote this delusion; I knew that its channel ought to be directly ahead; but, instead, I saw what seemed at first an impassable bulwark of vegetation, green and flourishing, with not a glimpse of water in it.

"It's that blasted grass!" the captain prossically ejaculated. "Sam, go down and tell the engineer to get up steam lively. We've got a job on hand to break through there."

The engine quickly responded, the smoke-pipes puffed vehemently, and the boat dashed her bows into the midst of the apparent barrier. It yielded, parting on either side as we cleft our course through, leaving behind us a passage where the water could be seen just the width

of the boat. Elsewhere the mass of leaves was stationary and unbroken, and I had the novel sensation of sailing through a green meadow. In many places the growth was so rank that the location of the banks could hardly have been determined to a certainty without running the boat ashore; and, for a full mile, as we made our way through this natural barrier, we found it continuous and unbroken.

I use the word barrier without exaggeration; for, as we proceeded, the motion of the boat became slower, and presently ceased entirely, although the engine was steadily at work. Upon examination, it was discovered that the paddle-wheels had, in their revolutions, torn up great masses of this vegetation, with roots and fibres a yard in length, which had filled the paddle-boxes, and actually clogged the wheels to such an extent that motion was simply impossible. With much labor the accumulations were removed, and we continued on our way, emerging into the open water of the bayou after no small delay to our progress by this strange trick of Nature's handiwork.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THERE are few institutions of wider fame in the country than that about which the following sketch is concerned. The pride with which it is regarded is by no means local and sectional, but it is felt wherever a scrap of information respecting its riches and free-handedness meets the eye.

Its records demonstrate two significant points: first, that its care and regard for its own valuable property induce a similar care and respect from all classes of users; second, that the public may be almost completely trusted with 180,000 volumes, unrestrained by any vouchers whatsoever.

Nothing is demanded but the name, the residence, and the occupation of the person who applies for the privileges of the library, and he is thenceforth free to select any book of fiction, history, philosophy, theology, general literature, politics, medical jurisprudence, art, science, political economy, and bear it home to his garret or parlor, and there devour it at his sovereign pleasure. He needs no responsible friend, no money to deposit, no fee whatever to pay; after it is ascertained that his representations concerning himself are true, then the vast collection is as open to him as if he owned it. He has no trouble but to find his book upon the catalogue, write its number, together with his name, upon a slip of paper, and the volume is placed in his hands in full confidence.

This is an extraordinary transaction!

It would be difficult to understand how the relations of borrower and lender could be more intimate with advantage to both.

On one day, in the current year (May 6th), 2,324 books, representing \$5,000, were placed in the hands of the subscribers, without the least shadow of legal security. Last year the total issue of the library was 322,445 volumes, valued at \$700,000, all delivered into the charge of applicants who had given no other recommendation than residence in the city limits. Certainly, there could hardly be a more complete exhibition of trust. There could be no possible means of security against theft or mutilation. The holder of the book, if so disposed, might baffle all attempts to recover it in a dozen ways, or might return the volume so injured that its further issue would be prevented, and yet easily escape the least suspicion of culpability. Yet, with this almost absolute freedom to borrow and to take away out of sight and influence of the library, what is the result? How many volumes, out of the 180,000 possessed, are lost beyond redemption in a full working year? How many persons, out of the 300,000 who apply for favors, prove faithless and incapable of trust?

In the year 1870, the number was—twenty! Twenty books, having the value of perhaps \$50. In other words, one book in 9,000; or one issue in 15,000; or \$1 in \$10,000.

These losses are infinitesimal. They convey no sense of deprivation to the library, and in actual fact are none, for greater ones were calculated upon, and it was felt that the benefits of a true publicity would far overmatch any ills sustained by carelessness or theft.

The freest of the great English libraries require that each and all subscribers shall have the indorsement of some responsible men of the town. Some of the most successful popular libraries in all countries—the Mercantile of New York, for instance—are open upon pay-

ment of a yearly fee, and aim more to supply demands than to organize a library of just proportions of all ingredients. They will fulfil their objects by providing novels and the books of the day in quick response to the calls therefor.

Other libraries resemble the Astor in being for reference only, and from which no volume can be taken away even for the shortest time. They are extremely valuable, as the records of this institution will amply show, and one cannot but be gratified to notice the great number of students, of all sorts of industries and questions, who daily draw upon its treasures.

The library under consideration combines the advantages of both kinds without the many faults.

For example, it is not the policy of its superintendent, in supplying the Lower Hall and branches, to keep pace with the possible demand for lighter books. A liberal number of every volume, not actually vicious, is freely purchased upon publication, and placed upon the shelves. They are at once entered upon the catalogues, and are henceforth at the use of the people. He justly says that, were he so disposed, he could at any time bring the circulation of such books up to a fabulous amount, by merely providing them in answer to the calls. The demand is practically without limit, and he could sink the comparative use of scholarly books to so small an ebb, that philanthropists would think of shutting up the library as a popular nuisance.

The number of novels taken from any library is no criterion of the general bent of the public taste. It may be made to appear good or bad, just in proportion as books are provided.

Again, it is the perpetual tendency of the management to expose its library in the fullest possible manner; to bring the books and the public into free and open contact, consistent with true benefit.

One after another the various restrictions and protections have fallen away, and the utmost ingenuity has constantly sought to make the intercourse perfectly free and simple.

Perhaps a word or two describing the building would not be amiss, as help to a proper understanding of what is remarked of its contents.

It was erected in 1857, is built of brick and freestone, and faces the northeast, and looks upon the Common. It is upon Boylston Street.

It consists of two libraries in reality: one made up of books of a popular type, novels, dramas, poetry, travels, etc.; and the other of books better loved by scholars—the first, in fact, being the collection for the general reader, and the latter for the student.

The former is upon the street-floor, and is locally termed the Lower Hall. As one enters through a tiled hallway, he emerges upon the delivery-room, where subscribers apply for and receive their books. The library is in the rear, in another apartment.

At the right of the main entrance is the reading-room, with its doors opening from the delivery-room, and on the opposite side is another room, used to contain works of art.

Above, with stairs leading to it from both sides of the hallway, immediately within the outer door, is Bates Hall, occupying the entire second floor and upper galleries of the main building.

In the rear of the building are two towers, one occupied by a staircase and hoisting-apparatus, and the other by the private offices of the superintendent and his assistant.

Every possible convenience which enables rapid business between borrowers and the libraries is freely supplied.

The slips, upon which it is necessary to write one's name, address, and the number of the required book, lie openly at hand, together with pencils attached to the desk. Catalogues, and the latest bulletins of additions, are scattered everywhere, displaying, in large print, the titles and numbers of the books. The more recent acquisitions are heralded upon written slips, posted in plain sight until it is possible to print them and place them in their proper places.

In the Lower-Hall delivery-room there is a device for the expedition of work, in the shape of an indicator. It consists of a large frame, set in a conspicuous place, and which displays the numbers of the most popular books. When all the volumes (in many cases there are several duplicates) of any work are exhausted, its number in the frame disappears from the sight of the would-be borrower, who is thus saved the useless trouble of applying for it.

It is in this somewhat limited apartment that a visitor gets his first hint of the magnitude of the operations of the library.

At all hours of the day groups of people throng it and quietly pursue their objects. At one desk they return the volumes which are read, and apply for others; while at another desk the distinct but

monotonous voice of the attendant calls, at intervals, the names of those for whom books are ready, or those whose application has been fruitless.

At six in the evening, when the schools have emptied, and all workers of both sexes are free to go to their homes, this room becomes one of the sights of the city. It fills to repletion. Children throng its floor, and are wonderfully sharp to the little tricks of competition for early attention. It is amusing to see with what rapidity an old stager of twelve years, with a cropped head and a quick eye, will put his errand through. He will monopolize a wide section of desk-room with extended elbows, pounce in a single flourish upon the exact catalogue out of the many, get his number out of the multitude of other numbers, pencil it and his name with precise care upon his paper, and deliver it up to the clerk, all while an unaccustomed visitor will be engaged in the first part of the transaction, namely, deciding what book he would like to have. This well done, the boy must await developments; and, American-like, he improves the interval. He goes to the adjacent reading-room, and, securing an illustrated paper, sits himself down within sound of the attendant's voice, to wait and read until his book or disappointment turns up.

It would be a curious search to hunt up the visiting-places of these volumes. Some legislative or municipal commission—I forget which—recently made a report in which these books figure in a singular manner. They seem to be a part of the most obscure homes, and the close friends of the most unlovable and shabbiest of people. They came to light in spots so secluded that education had penetrated only enough to permit one of the family to stumble over the words and guess rudely at the meaning. They appeared in any odd cellar where poverty forced people to burrow, and had robbed them of every pleasure but that of reading; and, also, in hot garrets, in crowded rooms full of all the distresses of improvidence, waste, hard labor, and wretched pay.

The assembled crowd is often motley. But, the more motley, the more various and dissimilar its ingredients, the better the proof of the wide-spread influence of the library. Rich and poor assemble together and alike in this narrow dispensary, and a great many of them too.

The library has a flourishing branch at East Boston; but the following figures relate only to the Lower Hall of the Central Library:

The daily average delivery for the first week in May, for the last three years, has been as follows: 1871, 799; 1870, 685; 1869, 609.

On the 6th of May there occurred the largest delivery of the current year, namely, 1,368 volumes. Repeat this, or nearly this, three hundred times a year, in a community already worked upon by public schools of the highest order, and you will cease to wonder that a high general intelligence is the result.

In this Lower Hall there are now about 30,700 volumes, comprising the very best books of the classes already enumerated, and which are almost as open to the readers as if they stood upon the street-corner and were thrust into the hands of the people as they passed.

The figures, which relate to what is termed the reading-room, are also surprising and pleasing as well.

This is a lofty, oblong apartment, well frescoed, painted, and lighted. It is supplied with furniture of the best description, and all the attributes of the place—the gas-fixtures, the wainscoting, and the tables—display excellent workmanship.

The conduct of this room differs widely in the most essential point from similar rooms in other libraries. Its papers are not displayed, but are kept at the desk of an attendant, who deals them out on a requisition from the reader.

One must write his name and address, together with the name of the paper required, upon a slip of paper, and, in return for it, the article is put into his hand, and he may carry it anywhere in the room, and keep it all day if he chooses. This method is an excellent preservative of the papers, an economizer of room, and is far more satisfactory to the reader, as he is enabled to read the text of his paper at leisure, where, in another case, he would be obliged to content himself by merely looking at the pictures, on account of the presence of others who wish his place. Each publication is represented by several duplicates, *Harper's Magazine* reaching the high number of eleven.

The total number of periodicals, which includes French, German, Italian, and English, is 374. This is very large.

The total use, last year, was by 193,417 readers, who demanded 269,160 issues.

The use of the magazines, for the first week in May of the past three years, is as follows: 1871, 5,800; 1870, 4,006; 1869, 3,008.

This apartment is in the full flush of its use at eight o'clock in the evening. At that hour all the seats are occupied by a silent, mummy-like collection of people, who read with an avidity which resembles the satisfying of hunger. There is usually a sprinkling of women. Now and then one of the number rises, and, going to the desk, silently exchanges his periodical for another. Every person is exceptionally neat, and this is very rare when such apartments open on the street. Nearly all come out of their lodgings and homes free of the dust of the day's labor, and come hither with the idea of having a "read." What could be more valuable to such than the present free and refined apartment? One visitor brings another; the taste spreads. For example, the daily average number of readers, for the last three years, is as follows: 1870, 510; 1869, 306; 1868, 256. The number has almost doubled in that short period.

The upper hall, Bates Hall it is called, presents more attractions to one who wishes to make a true estimate of the library. As has been remarked, this is the apartment for students. As for its appearance, it may be sketched thus:

It is fifty-two feet high, clear. It contains three stories of alcoves on the sides.

Twenty-two massive pillars, with bases of marble, enclose the space used by the public, and in the rear of them are the shelves.

Between the bases of the pillars are heavy desks, turned outward, and supplied with conveniences for writing. Large oval tables, six feet long, are distributed in the apartment, and the chairs are cushioned.

The colors of the wall are neutral, and the tints are subdued. The ceiling is richly ornamented, and, to an American, its elevation is startling. The floor is tiled, and every step and tone resounds as if the place were a cavern. The effect is impressive. The stairway emerges into the centre of the hall, and the space over one's head is clear and unbroken by galleries.

Twenty or thirty people are usually to be found here, some writing, most of them reading hard, and a few gazing about them. All are quiet. Few sounds break the silence, except, now and then, the tap of the cancelling-stamp at the desk, a footfall in the corridors, or the faint rustle of book-leaves.

The noise of the street sinks to a muffled hum, and one catches, through the windows, a sight of the verdure of the beautiful Common. There is no more civilizing place in the country.

On the 1st of May, of this year, this hall contained 135,786 volumes and 89,746 pamphlets; the Lower Hall, 30,574 volumes, with 6,954 duplicates; and the branch at East Boston, 5,936 volumes—making the total number of books, at that date, 179,250. In this hall, as in the one below, the mode of obtaining books is by slips, upon which are written the name and residence of the applicant.

A glance at the present use of this portion of the library, compared with its use in past years, is instructive: 1870 (nine months), 47,597 issues; 1869, 42,905 issues; 1868, 33,874 issues; 1864, 18,525 issues.

It must be remembered that these are books taken for the pure object of study, to enhance knowledge on almost every conceivable subject. Amusement or pastime does not enter but in part into the use of this vast collection.

It is constantly freshened, and follows closely upon new advances in the art and learning of the world. These are the accessions of the past three years, inclusive of some large donations: 1870, 6,589 books; 1869, 6,587; 1868, 6,605.

This statement exhibits the spirit of the management in its efforts to make the library of the highest value. Last year, 1,665 books, consisting of nearly 4,500 volumes, were recommended by persons who frequented the place, and all but a dozen were at once ordered from the agents of the institution.

The poorest student in the city may have costly works purchased by simply asking for them. This is something unsurpassed. Nothing but himself prevents every man in Boston from becoming a *servant*.

In theology and ecclesiastical history the library ranks very high; it has 14,269 volumes relating to these and kindred subjects.

In works relating to the German and French nations it is exceedingly strong, and it possesses the choicest Spanish library out of Spain.

It has the custody of the celebrated Prince Library, which is one of the rarest collections of old American books that exists.

English history, geography, biography, travel, and polite literature, are illustrated by 14,034 volumes.

Italian, by 5,559.

American, by 14,276.

The British "Patent Reports," which are gold-mines to inventors, by 2,600 volumes.

The library possesses the best set of Congressional documents in the world.

It has also one of the largest collections of old and modern engravings ever gathered in this country.

Aside from these specialties, one must not forget the vast store of the highest-class works on philology, jurisprudence, literary history, and social science; nor the mass of pamphlets, those straws so indicative of public sentiment, or so replete with the invaluable tables of statistics. In conspicuous places, in both Lower and Bates Halls, there are arranged upon shelves, which are open without the formality of asking permission, a large number of encyclopedias, dictionaries of all kinds, gazetteers, and books of reference, which of themselves constitute a library, a tithe of whose learning would make a man famous, if he possessed it.

In this case a layman in the art of bibliography would be naturally astonished at the overwhelming array of books which is visible from where he stands; but his intelligence would lead him to draw, from the habits, appearance, and conduct of the readers, his true judgment of the value of it all.

He could make no mistake. The object of those who enter this place is, undeniably, study and research.

Men and women of nearly all grades, both of position and mental calibre, draw something valuable from the library, and are glad to get it.

People in all positions, pursuing a thousand employments, trying for countless prizes, come for assistance and are assisted.

Mechanics fit themselves for the higher grades of their arduous labors; scholars burnish up mouldy patches of half-forgotten learning; ardent men of all ages, who have suddenly awakened to their own impoverished minds, fly eagerly hither for light. Botanists, linguists, geologists, scientists, romancists, know the place well, and haunt it.

The hours of the whole institution are very liberal. Bates Hall averages nine and a half hours each day; the Lower Hall eleven, and the reading-room thirteen. The examination is yearly conducted without once closing the library or calling in its books. This is unprecedented, as all other libraries require time, which encroaches upon the public convenience.

Last year the public was enabled to use the library 307 days out of the 365.

This one item is a good exemplar of the whole plan of the institution. It wishes to do "the greatest good to the greatest number of people." Every thing is subordinated to this idea. Contrivance, generosity, economy, are all enlisted; and such has been the great and swelling increase of all portions of the collection, the numbers of subscribers, and new opportunities, that the present building must be enlarged to more than double its present capacity, in order to meet the reasonable wants of the future library.

As the library stands now, administering all the delights of learning, and all the pleasures of entertainment with its unmatched freedom, it is a marvel of rapid growth and good administration. It was opened in 1854 with 22,000 volumes, and, in sixteen years, it has increased to eight times the amount.

When this is comprehended, and when, also, it is stated that one person in every eight in the city proper is a card-holder of the library, it becomes apparent that its value is unparalleled. Its rate of expansion is a healthy one as well as rapid. What is added is valuable, and it is made to develop all manner of statistics of great use to students of library economy. Its influence as an educator is immeasurable. One can only detect it by the developments displayed in the general conduct and spirit of the city at large.

The smallest restraints upon a public will prevent the proper use of any great benefaction, no matter how noble and elevating it is. Therefore the management of this institution labor incessantly to open their doors wider and wider in order to swell their already overflowing constituency, and, besides that, to crowd their already teeming shelves with that which is wanted, no matter how costly or extensive.



NEW POST-OFFICE, ERECTING IN NEW YORK.

THE NEW POST-OFFICE IN NEW YORK.

THE Post-Office in New York, now in process of erection, promises to be one of the most imposing structures in the city. It is situated at the lower end of City-Hall Park, its main front looking down Broadway, with one side on Park Row, another on Broadway, and the rear on a street recently cut through the park. While the southern face of the building may be considered the principal front, each of its four sides will have an equal elaboration. We copy from one of our local journals the following description of the building: "The only materials used in its construction are granite, iron, brick, and glass. The granite comes from an island off the coast of Maine, where six hundred men are employed in quarrying and dressing it. No stone-cutting is done at the building. When the blocks arrive, they are ready to hoist into the places prepared for them. Derricks, worked by steam-engines, are arranged in such a way that it requires only one man to set all the stone which six hundred men are cutting. The style of architecture adopted is that known as the Doric, modified, however, by the Renaissance.

"The north front of the building will be two hundred and ninety feet in length, the Broadway front three hundred and forty feet, and the Park Row front three hundred and twenty feet in the clear. On each of these two fronts, however, there is an angle, which, running back some distance and then projecting, forms the entrance looking down Broadway. The entire width of this front is one hundred and thirty feet. These entering angles and projecting portico will give this front a very bold and striking appearance. The building will consist of a cellar, a basement, three stories, and an attic. The roof will be of the Mansard style, the upright portion being covered with slates, and the flat portion with copper. . . .

"It remains but to speak of the interior arrangement of the building. The cellar will, of course, be devoted to the storage of fuel, etc. In the centre, and close to the ventilating shafts, the boilers will be placed. The basement will consist of one vast apartment, which will

be devoted to the sorting of letters and the making up of the mails. At the north end will be ten elevators for the use of the mail department exclusively, and, at the other end, two elevators for general purposes. At the extreme north end of the basement will be the sorting-room for printed matter. The first floor will be devoted to the receiving department, comprising the money-order and registering offices, stamp and envelope bureaus, and postmaster and secretaries' private rooms, with cashiers' and book-keepers' offices, etc. On the second and third floors will be the United States court-rooms, private examination-rooms, etc. In the attic, rooms for the janitors, watchmen, etc., will be provided. The central portion of the building will be covered with a glass roof, and all below will be open down to the entrance floor, so as to admit abundance of light, in the manner adopted in the new court-house and other large structures. The basement will be lighted by patent illuminators let into the sidewalk. At the north end of the building will be an enclosed drive, where the mails will be received and delivered.

"It is believed that light for each department has been abundantly provided. The whole building will be heated by hot water, and the downward system of ventilation will be adopted. The court-rooms will be provided with double sashes, so as to exclude noise.

"At present, about seventy men are employed on the building, and, before the cold weather sets in, the whole exterior portion of the building up to the second floor will be completed. There is at present sufficient money on hand to carry on operations vigorously until spring. About one million five hundred thousand dollars, at a rough calculation, have been expended on the building so far. All plans for the structure are prepared under the supervision of Hon. A. B. Mullett, the supervising architect, under whose direction all public buildings are constructed and erected. The construction of this building is in the hands of Hon. C. T. Hulburd, superintendent, and Mr. W. G. Steinmetz, civil engineer."

LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE."

CHAPTER I.—SETTLING THE PARTY AT HIGH BEECH.

"If you will be guided by me, my dear, you will ask them all."

These words were spoken by Sir Thomas Carlton to his wife at High Beech at the end of May, 1870. If any one wishes to know where High Beech is, all that can be answered is, that it is a charming old house, about twenty miles from London; and further, if any one supposes that it is this or that actual High Beech of his acquaintance, the answer again is, that High Beech is not the real name of the house where Sir Thomas and his wife live. And so curious readers must be content to take this story as it is told, and the names of persons and places as they are given, without seeking to pry into private history, and racking their brains to identify them, as though they were real existences, and not mere creations and inventions of the writer. People often complain of the want of invention and creative power in authors; and it is very true that poverty of plot and bankruptcy of ideas are often the bane of novelists; but what is that when weighed against want of imagination and lack of faith in a reader who fancies, if such people ever "fancy," that a writer must have seen every thing with his own eyes, and even touched it, in true British fashion, with his fingers, and so saddles him with eavesdropping and tale-bearing, when he is in fact only spinning his story, like a spider, out of his own brain, and weav-

ing a web which a matter-of-fact public regards as made up of personalities, merely because it is so natural and lifelike?

After this tirade against a very worthy class of persons, let us return to High Beech and its owners. Sir Thomas, who is just advising his wife to ask them "all,"

is a middle-aged man. If any one asks what middle-aged means, we answer boldly, "Fifty;" and, if any one grumbles, and says, "I call that more than middle-aged," we say we cannot help it—that is our notion of middle age. But, if Sir Thomas were fifty, how old was Lady Carlton? That, it must be owned, is a more difficult question to answer; but, when we remember that Lady Carlton was married out of the nursery when not quite eighteen, and that her two daughters are, the elder nineteen and the younger eighteen, we may safely put her down as under forty, though what margin remains to her below that age we would rather leave it to ladies to settle than determine ourselves. "Then they were both middle-aged," some one exclaims; "regular old fogies." Here let us reason with this exclaimer, and first inquire, "How is it possible for the world to exist, and, what is much more to the present purpose, for novels to be written, if there



THE COMING VISITORS CRITICISED.

are no middle-aged people in the world? All things have an end and purpose here on earth, and so have men of fifty and women of forty, especially if the men are well-to-do, with nice houses, and the women still charming, as women just below forty are very apt to be.

Again, if there were no middle-aged people, how should we have any young blood, in which, of course, all the force and passion of our story runs riot? Ah! if the middle-aged would only remember that they were once as young and giddy as the wildest of these unbacked colts and fillies, and if the young would but reflect that the day will surely come, unless they are prematurely cut off, when they, too, will be old fogies—if that were so, the young and the middle-aged would be more charitable, and the wheels of life would revolve a deal more smoothly than is too often the case.

But let us get on. As it is, the reader has only been introduced to Sir Thomas and Lady Carlton, and further informed of the fact that they are middle-aged and have two daughters. Sir Thomas Carlton is a baronet and a merchant in the city. A long time ago one of his ancestors—for it must not be forgotten that even merchants in the city may have ancestors—lent the government of George I. a large sum of money; we believe it was when the Stuarts were giving the house of Hanover great trouble; and in return the prime-minister of that day made him a baronet. Nowadays, of course, he would have been made a peer; but we were more frugal of our honors one hundred and fifty years ago; and so Mr. Thomas Carlton of Lombard Street was only made Sir Thomas Carlton. "A baronet in 1715 and not a peer in 1870," some of you will say, "and the firm prospering all that time. That is what one can never understand." And then you run over on your fingers all the noble houses which, since 1715, have sprung up on the mushroom-bed of Lombard Street, and name the Smiths and Joneses, and Lloyds and Browns, who are now peers; and not merely Irish peers, but peers of the realm and the United Kingdom; and again you say, "How was it that the Carltons escaped a peerage?" We quite admit this question is hard to answer; indeed, when we think of it, we often wonder why we are not all peers. Our wonder is perhaps tempered by the reflection that, in a nation of peers, a commoner would be the most distinguished person in the realm. But in this particular case of the Carltons, we believe the reason is to be found in the fact that they were always in opposition after that fatal baronetcy was bestowed. So that, when the Whigs were in office, the Sir Thomas Carlton of that day was a Tory; and, when the Tories came in, the head of the firm was a Whig. Besides which, from time immemorial, it had been the maxim of the house to mind their business and not go into Parliament; and thus they had continued merchant-princes, growing richer and richer as the wealth of England waxed, investing in good securities, laying out their savings in land, respected on 'Change, not ruining themselves by having too many children, now and then buying good pictures and objects of art, but never wasting their money on second-rate things because they were "so cheap." In a word, living honestly, honorably, and happily, and dying at peace and in charity with all men. This particular Sir Thomas of whom we are talking was a tall, handsome man, with a bald, massive head, a bright eye, and a very good set of teeth. His expression was peculiarly cheerful and pleasant; and yet he had a firm look, as though his word was as good as his deed, and the man better than both. As to intellect and mind, he made no parade of learning, and generally said little in conversation; but it was often remarked that, when Sir Thomas Carlton said any thing, it was sure to be worth listening to. His only fault was, that he was sometimes a little "fussy" about his wife and children.

Lady Carlton was, as we have already intimated, a very charming woman. She was a distant cousin of her husband's; and, having married early a man ten years or more older than herself, her character had been formed in great measure by him. On some points, as is the case with all women, she had a will of her own; but, as a rule, her will was to do what her husband wished; and, as he, for his part, was far too sensible ever to interfere in those matters in which she had a will, the result was, that no houses were more harmonious, so far as husband and wife were concerned, than No. — Grosvenor Square and High Beech, where we now find this happy and most united pair. Here we are reminded that this is a painfully photographic age, and that no moral description is complete unless accompanied by a personal portrait. Well, then, what was Lady Carlton like? We have already said she was close upon forty; but, in reality, she looked much younger. There are some forms and faces, indeed, which have gone through soul-persecutions as trying as those of the early Christians; women who have been thrown into the fiery furnace of adversity like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and yet come out unscathed and unseared. These rare characters have such moral

force and dignity that their will occupies those earthworks of the body—the face, the figure, and the form—and holds them safe against all persecutions and attacks. "How lovely, and yet how tormented!" we exclaim, when gazing on one of these social martyrs. But Lady Carlton was no social martyr; she had retained the freshness of her youth for a very good reason: simply because she had never been tormented. She had done her duty to every one, and every one had done their duty to her. Her worst trials had been taking her daughters to the dentist; and, though she had a most feeling heart, her only sorrows were sympathies for others. She had no sufferings of her own. How few there are that can say this! and how bound are those who are able to say it, to be always good, and charming, and gracious!—all which, in truth, Lady Carlton was. For the rest, she was tall, her hair was a dark brown, her eyes were gray, she was well made, and had preserved a beautiful figure. In earlier times, public opinion would have called Sir Thomas and Lady Carlton a "most proper pair"—words which, we need not say, have nothing to do with good behavior, but refer exclusively to the look and bearing of those to whom they are applied.

But who were the "all" to whom Sir Thomas referred in the opening words of this chapter? It is clear, of course, that there was to be a party at High Beech, to which the Carltons had run down for a few days from London smoke, and, after some discussion, in which several names had been mentioned, Sir Thomas had advised his wife to ask them all.

"But will they go well together?" asked Lady Carlton, with some hesitation.

"Oh, yes, they are sure to agree; and, if they don't, it will be only for a day or two. Besides, a certain amount of antipathy in guests often makes a country-house pleasanter, if no actual quarrel arises."

"I am not so sure of that—at least, so far as the mistress of the house is concerned. Men can go out and ease their minds by a long walk, even on a wet day; but suppose it turns to rain, and Lady Sweetapple is shut up in one of her tempers, what am I to do with her?"

"As for that," said Sir Thomas, "you know we must have Lady Sweetapple. She is as good as asked, not to mention the fact that she half asked herself. Let us hope, then, that it will not rain, that she will not have one of her tempers, that she will be as charming as every one says she is—in a word, that she will have a pleasant visit and make our house pleasant."

"I see that Lady Sweetapple must come. There is no help for it; but how she will get on with Mr. Beeswing, if he begins to tease her, I am sure I can't tell."

"Beeswing tease her! Why, they are the best friends in the world. He was devoted to her at the Foreign-Office crush last week, and, I hear, caught the rheumatism in cloaking her and taking her to her carriage."

"Well, then, let us put down both the sexes on a card. Thus: Women, Sweetapple—Men, Beeswing. Who come next?"

"Shall we ask any diplomats—Beeswing knows them all?" asked Sir Thomas.

"Well, there were no diplomats in that 'all' which you advised me to ask; but I don't mind Count Pantouffles. He is so handsome, and so stupid, and so gentlemanlike. He will be an ornament to the table, and if that young lady, described by Dickens, who fell in love with a barber's block, is now alive and in society, and if we know her—a great many 'ifs' I admit—she will be quite happy to sit next to Count Pantouffles and listen to his unwearied attentions."

"Put down Pantouffles by all means," said Sir Thomas—"I quite forgot him—the more so that Lady Sweetapple told me he was so clever."

"And now to come back to the 'all.' It was made up of Lady Sweetapple, and Mr. Beeswing, and Edward Vernon, and Harry Fortescue, and Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram, and Colonel and Mrs. Barker. That was your 'all,' and now we have got Count Pantouffles. How many does that make?"

"Nine in all; so that, with ourselves and the two girls, we shall be thirteen in the house. Add a few neighbors, and we shall soon have twenty to dinner; quite enough in all conscience."

"Yes, my dear, that will make a very nice party, if Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram don't quarrel."

"Well, quarrel or not, the Marjorams must come. They have asked us ever so many times to Box Hill, and we have never gone.

It is a
de you
him by
be off
see, th
then th
W
away i
for din
W
quize.
"I
dear L
I don't
were th
dear, s
and thi
address
Square
Street,
the nar
of this
"L
will do
come.

"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

"L
will do
come.
"Th
will co
So
"Poor
of it;
I do pl
his earl
But thi
Next
to be c
ness va
for one
sia merc
whereve
"W
must al
pleasant
ing; bu
quarrel
and tre
Thomas
So M
"Mrs. M
"No
the wife
tell such
they wil
we left—
Florence
will com
thing th
rather id
So E
and, wh
that it
time flie
with you
to give t

It is a bore to meet Marjoram in the city and hear him repeat, 'Why do you not come to Box Hill?' I shall be able to turn the tables on him by asking him to High Beech. But it is eleven o'clock; I must be off to catch the train. Pray send out the invitations. And let me see, this is the 22d of May. Ask them all for the 1st of June, and then they can't any of them say they have had no notice."

With these words, Sir Thomas Carlton left his wife, and drove away in his T-cart to the station, promising to return in good time for dinner.

When he was gone, Lady Carlton began to write and to soliloquize. First, she wrote to Lady Sweetapple.

"My dear Lady Sweetapple. Is it quite sure that she is my dear Lady Sweetapple? Am I bound to call a woman 'dear' whom I don't care about one bit, and who cares no more for me than if I were this pen? Well, well! it's the way of the world. We are all dear, some of us too dear, to one another." So she went on writing and thinking aloud, and Lady Sweetapple's note was duly written and addressed to "Lady Sweetapple, No. — Lowndes Street, Belgrave Square." Here let us remark that, if you know any one in Lowndes Street, take care you don't forget to put "Belgrave Square" after the name of the street. We have known serious quarrels arise out of this neglect.

"Lowndes Street, Belgrave Square," said Lady Carlton. "That will do very nicely. There's no use wondering whether she will come. She has as good as accepted already."

"The Hon. Edward Beeswing, Grosvenor Mansions. He I hope will come; he is always witty and amusing."

So the Hon. Edward Beeswing's note was written and addressed. "Poor fellow!" thought Lady Carlton. "He has had a hard time of it; often in love, and never able to marry, and now getting old. I do pity younger sons; and yet his elder brother, Lord Port, with his earldom and estates, is not to be compared to Edward Beeswing. But this, too, is the way of the world—wit here and wealth there."

Next came Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram. "Sweet Marjoram" he used to be called till he married Mrs. Marjoram; but then all his sweetness vanished. He was a distant relation of Lord Pennyroyal; but for one or two generations the Marjorams had been in trade as Russia merchants, and no man was more respected in Mincing Lane, or wherever it is in the city that tallows and bristles most abound.

"What a pity it is," Lady Carlton went on thinking, "that one must always ask husband and wife together! Mrs. Marjoram is pleasant enough by herself; and, as for Mr. Marjoram, he is charming; but both at once in a house are beyond bearing; for they either quarrel like cat and dog, or one sits on the brink of a crater in fear, and trembling that an eruption will speedily break out. But Sir Thomas wishes it, and what must be, must be!"

So Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram's note was written and addressed to "Mrs. Marjoram, Great Cumberland Street, Hyde Park."

"Now come Colonel and Mrs. Barker. Both very nice people, if the wife were not so fond of bright colors, and the husband would not tell such long stories. However, they are a very loving pair, and they will do well enough to fill up; and now let me see whom have we left—Edward Vernon and Harry Fortescue. If they can't come, Florence and Alice will call it dull; but I am sure the two friends will come if they possibly can. They are inseparable, and both every thing that one would wish to see in young men, except that they are rather idle."

So Edward Vernon and Harry Fortescue had their notes written, and, when that labor was over, Lady Carlton was surprised to find that it was almost time for luncheon. She had forgotten how fast time flies when you spend one half the morning in planning a party with your husband, and the other in writing the invitations necessary to give that plan effect.

CHAPTER II.—WHAT HIGH BEECH WAS LIKE.

Now let us leave Lady Carlton and her daughters to get their luncheon in peace; let us not follow Sir Thomas to Lombard Street, but let us linger at High Beech all alone, and say what sort of house it was. There was a tradition in the country that High Beech had been built by Inigo Jones; but whether there was any truth in the belief, no one could say. The nearest approach to certainty in the matter was, that the house belonged to the age of Inigo Jones, and that it was, like so many mansions, ascribed to him on very slender

authority. But whoever built it, High Beech was a noble house. Externally it formed three sides of a square, consisting of a high centre and two lower wings, one of which contained the stables, and the other the offices. The middle was in the Renaissance style of red brick decorated with pilasters, and with dormer windows in the top story. Besides being tall, it was broad and deep; and as, when you see a tall, deep-chested, broad-backed man, you say, "I am sure that fellow has good lungs," so, when you looked at High Beech, you said, "What a spacious house! I am sure every one is well housed and lodged within its walls." Nor would your judgment have been mistaken. Inside, High Beech was comfort itself, and you felt that no damp could ever penetrate such solid walls. The entrance was by a flight of steps leading up to a portico, and though some said the portico was an eyesore, there could be no doubt that it was a great protection to the outer hall from the east-wind. From this outer hall one passed into an inner one, and, once inside it, one felt that the east-wind might blow till his cheeks cracked, for not one puff could ever make its way so far. That inner hall was very spacious, panelled with black oak, and hung with portraits of the Carlton family and their friends. High Beech had come into the possession of the Carltons about the time of that loan to the government of George I.'s time. Before that it had belonged to a family named Shaw, who lent money in their day to Charles II., and, when they died out, the Carltons bought it. In the centre of the hall was a magnificent oak staircase, as black with age, and as slippery with rubbing, as any staircase could be. It would have been well if any record existed to tell how many of the Shaws in old time, and of the Carltons in the last century, had got their deaths by falling down those polished stairs. But, alas! no such documents existed. All that was known positively on the subject was, that elderly and even middle-aged gentlemen, who stayed at High Beech, were often observed skulking up to bed by the back staircases, rather than face that perilous ascent after a good dinner. As it was, there were frequent tumbles, the suddenness of which was only equalled by their severity; but, for all that, those black-oak stairs were a sort of palladium with the housemaids at High Beech, who went on scrubbing them and polishing them every morning, singing and carolling all the time, as though they were not laying traps for the unwary, that he might fall in the twinkling of an eye, and find himself toppled down-stairs head foremost.

But we have forgotten that it is not yet time to scale that "staircase perilous." We must turn to the right as we stand in the hall facing the staircase, and enter first into the breakfast-room, which looked out on the side of the flight of steps by which the house was approached. There was nothing about this room to distinguish it from other breakfast-rooms, except that it was the worst-fitted room for breakfast in the house. Out of the breakfast-room one passed to the library—a noble room, square and lofty, containing about ten thousand volumes. Some of our readers may think ten thousand books a very small number; but we think, if any man has ten thousand volumes under his roof, he will not only find them quite enough to supply his love of reading with material for study during a lifetime, but also quite enough to fill a very large room, and to give his servants great trouble in dusting them. Let it not, however, be supposed that the Carltons were a family who grudged the space their books occupied. There are houses, indeed, and great ones, in which the only books in spacious libraries are the "Racing Calendar," the "Whole Duty of Man," and a few old monthly magazines; but the library at High Beech was quite different. It was not only an extensive, but a well-chosen collection. Before all other branches of knowledge, it was rich in the classics, in county histories, and in French and Italian books. Nor was England neglected, and every department of literature in the mother-tongue was well represented. In a word, the library at High Beech was a room in which, on a wet day, or even on a fine day, a man not wholly given over to the demon of sport might draw a chair to the fire in the winter, or ensconce himself behind a screen in the summer, and so, for hours, enjoy that sweet converse with the spirits of the departed, which is the only true *clairvoyance*, and which is so consolatory even to a disputatious reader, inasmuch as, while he hears what the writer has to say on any subject, he is sure not to be contradicted to his face, as is the way of men who defend their opinions by word of mouth. Certainly, if silence be silver, reading is golden; and in no house in England could such gold be more amply gathered than in the library at High Beech. As for its decorations, they were books. "Why, it is all books!" said a

child, who was taken to see the room. "Have you read them all, Lady Carlton?" As the jewels of Cornelia were her children, so books were the ornament of that library. High up, on the top of the cases, out of the reach of criticism, were a few ambiguous ancestors, a bust or two of classical worthies, and six or seven Etruscan vases; but beyond these, as the child said, the library was "all books."

Now we have got as far as the angle of the house at that corner, and turn into two splendid drawing-rooms, which filled the whole front of the house facing the park. From a sort of alcove in the centre of that front, a flight of steps led down to a terrace, and then another flight to another terrace, and so on to a third, beyond which was a "haha." Between each terrace, down to the "haha," were an Italian garden and smooth lawns, on which rare shrubs and conifers flourished; and beyond all was the park, with its fine old free-standing trees, and its herd of deer, which, in that year 1870 of which we write, were eagerly cropping the grass which was soon to render their haunches such objects of interest to aldermen in particular, and all gluttons in general.

But we must not walk out of the house, even though June, with all its leaves and warmth, is hard upon us. We must go back, and, like trusty showmen, take our readers the round of the house. Where were we? In the middle of the drawing-rooms. As we are not upholsterers, suffice it to say that they were filled with costly furniture, and "replete," as the advertisements say, "with every luxury befitting a family of distinction." We shall soon have to return to them; so let us hasten on with our bird's-eye view, and enter, at the angle opposite to the library, into the boudoir of Lady Carlton—not a very large room, but evidently the abode of ease and taste. Farther than that, on this first morning, we cannot go. Beyond it was the dining-room, which nearly filled up the space which answered to the breakfast-room and library on the opposite side of the hall, and was approached by a door from the drawing-rooms, which opened into the hall under the noble staircase, of which and its slipperiness we have already spoken.

And now, as the reader may be supposed to know something of the ground-floor at High Beech, we may take him up-stairs. That slippery staircase, after it had climbed half-way up the height of the ground-floor, divided into two flights, right and left. By them we ascend to a gallery, from which we have a fine view of the hall; and thence we proceed on either hand down spacious passages, lighted at each end by wide and lofty windows. At the end of each of these passages we find flights of stairs to an upper story of rooms; and above these again we find another story of attics, lighted by the dormer-windows which form a feature of the house from the outside.

But, now that we have left the ground-floor and got up into the region of housemaids and bedrooms, we are not about to be so bold at present as to lead our readers into any of these bedrooms. If you peep into bedrooms in a strange house, who can tell what may befall you? We shall have to speak a little of these rooms further on; but at this period of our story, when we have as yet scarcely set foot over the threshold of High Beech, and hardly know one of its inmates, how can we push into their bedrooms, either with or without knocking? Every right-minded reader must see that such a proceeding would be manifestly most improper; and so readers that are more curious than right-minded must restrain their desires, and wait till we can ask them to enter a bedroom without the fear of finding one's self thrust out by a lady's-maid, and the door slammed in our faces.

"Why, then, did you take us up that slippery staircase, if we are to see nothing, and then walk down delicately, like Agag, as though we were treading on eggs?"

For several reasons, reader. First, because the staircase was slippery, and we wished to see if you could walk down with the jauntiness of that king of Amalek. Secondly, because we wished to see whether you were a snob, who is fond of peeping and prying into things which do not concern you. Thirdly, because there was nothing to see up there, as the rooms were all empty. And, fourthly, because we wished to take you somewhere else. We would say "elsewhither"—only, having said once, in a letter to a lady, that we were going "elsewhither," she asked another friend whose house "Elsewhither" was, as we had written to say that we were going to it on a visit. After this lesson, we advise all readers and all writers to be cautious in writing good and grammatical English, lest it should happen to them, as it happened to us, to think we were using an

adverb of place, and to find it had been mistaken to mean a place itself.

"Elsewhere, then—where is that, if we are not to see the bedrooms?"

Well, there are two elsewheres, as you may all find some day to your cost. You may either go to the offices and the kitchen, if you think that gluttony is the best policy, though for ourselves we have a wholesome fear of the cook's dish-clout, and much prefer to judge of kitchens, as of men, by their works. We advise you, therefore, to leave the kitchen to itself, and come with us to the stables, in the opposite wing, and see the horses. You don't like horses? Why, what a man you must be! Oh! but you are not a man—all readers are not men—some of them are women, and you are a woman. Here, again, we observe that you must be a very bad woman if you do not like horses, and looking at them. You had better come with us and see the stables, or we shall set you down at once as one of those wicked women who work horses to death, who pay cabmen sixpence a mile, and, when they job horses, drive them about all day, and make them stand out for hours in the cold at night, and then wonder how it is that their unhappy coachman looks so wan and pinched next morning, and how the horses lose their flesh, and their coats stare as though they had been ridden by a nightmare. Do you still say that you will not go to the stables? Then, as you can't be forced, stay away; but, had you gone, you would have seen a most original old coachman, and many fine horses, including two belonging to Alice and Florence Carlton, who were very fond of them, as well as of riding.

CHAPTER III.—THE YOUNG LADIES AT LUNCHEON.

As we turn from the stables and look at the back of the house, where the entrance really is, we see the two daughters of the house tripping up the stone steps, warned by the luncheon-gong to make haste home. High Beech was in all respects a punctual, regular house. Breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, were served to the minute, and if the commercial career of the house of Carlton conveyed any moral, it was that of the absolute value of time. In this respect, you see this Carlton House was the very reverse of another Carlton House of which we have all read or heard, and which stood where Carlton Terrace, and Carlton Gardens, and the Athenæum, and the Travellers', and the Reform Clubs now stand; and so, while the house of the Carltons at High Beech flourished and prospered like a bay-tree, the other has been long since pulled down, its site built over, and its very name half-forgotten.

But there are the two young ladies tripping up the steps, while our story halts to moralize. There they were; and you could even tell from their backs that they were young and happy. Let them run off, merry young things, in the warm sunshine; we can never catch them now, and see their faces. We must wait till they come down to luncheon.

They were not long in making their appearance; and found their mother waiting for them. And now a most uncharitable thing must be said. In no other point of view was High Beech more fortunate than in this: in it the age of governesses was past. Their dreary reign was over. There are of course exceptions to every rule, and some families have been very happy with their governesses; but in general they are little better than policemen in women's clothes, or rather female detectives, with whom you have to be on intimate terms. But this is very wicked and shocking, you say? So it is; but is it not the very truth? Look at it in another way. Was any man ever known to be on familiar terms with a policeman? Cooks, indeed, appeal to them when butlers and footmen are unsympathetic; but we doubt whether policemen have any real friends out of the force. In fact you can't be good friends with a man who is able to take you up at any moment. In this respect policemen are like the National Guards in Paris in 1871. They have no friends. You might as well pull the Chief Justice of England by the beard as take any liberty with a policeman; and yet what is the governess in the family but a worse policeman? There the wretched being is, between the servants on the one side and the family on the other. Sometimes the servants won't wait on her; and once there was a governess who was found starved to death because none of the domestics, male or female, would "demean" themselves, as they termed it, by taking up her meals to the school-room. On the other hand, if she is treated as one of the family, as the lady who is to bring up

your child every thing becomes wife, if I how much at or after of the table board is are provided three—two 033? The of the family placed, which mainly in concerned, in petual sol

Happy much as Sir Thom dent police

"Well suaded you and I have

"What much. N

"Yes, but then

"Very women, at ther very Sweetapple

"Dear is what I that I call

"O Fl Why shou never lost

"I'm I say agai to return poach on

"I sup Lady Sweet endless ja you call it rather agr Lady Sweet attractive

"Well, the matter much fond Alice know ried off af her any be

"Well, our lunche "I wish me, what

"Dread sons, or ra as the ass women."

"Don't who is com

"Here Mr. Becaw Fortescue,

"Well, goes on. A them. Th contrive to time they a declaring t

your children like ladies ought to be, she is a perpetual bore, and every thing like confidential conversation between husband and wife becomes impossible. How many secrets would Brown have told his wife, if Miss Parker had not come in just at that very moment? And how much gossip would not Mrs. Brown have repeated to her husband at or after dinner, unless the same lady had been seated at the side of the table, staring them in the face? Talk of a skeleton in a cupboard in every family! a governess is a skeleton out of it. Three are proverbially no company; but what shall we call a company of three—two of whom are husband and wife, and the third a governess? The result generally is, that a governess is not treated as one of the family; and then in what a painful position is the family placed, knowing that a very estimable person, to whom they are mainly indebted for their education, so far as the daughters are concerned, is condemned by their own selfishness and love of ease to perpetual solitary confinement?

Happy, therefore, and thrice happy, were the Carlton family, inasmuch as the daughters were beyond the age of governesses, and that Sir Thomas and Lady Carlton were no longer compelled to keep a resident policeman in petticoats.

"Well, girls," said Lady Carlton, "it is all settled. I have persuaded your father to have a few friends down here on the 1st of June, and I have asked—"

"Who, who, mamma?" exclaimed both the young ladies at once.

"Don't be so impatient. No one is coming that you care for very much. No young ladies, I mean."

"Yes," said Florence, the elder, and livelier, and bolder of the two; "but then there are other persons than young ladies in the world."

"Very true," answered her mother. "There are old men and women, and men and women of middle age, and women who are neither very old nor very young; and so we have begun by asking Lady Sweetapple."

"Dear Lady Sweetapple!" said Alice. "I am so fond of her!"

"More than I am," burst out Florence. "I don't like her. She is what I call a flirt; and, besides, she takes away my partners, and that I call unfair in a widow."

"O Florry!" said Alice, "how can you say such horrid things? Why shouldn't young widows dance if they like it? I am sure you never lost a partner on account of Lady Sweetapple."

"I'm not so sure of that," said her sister; "but even if I don't, I say again it isn't fair in a widow who has had what I call her chance, to return to unmarried life, as it were, and, if you must have it, to poach on the preserves of young ladies."

"I suppose, then," said Lady Carlton, "you would banish poor Lady Sweetapple to the region of real preserves, and condemn her to endless jam and jelly making, as ladies who had had their chance, as you call it, in ancient days used to spend their widowed lives. But I rather agree with Alice, and do not at all see why young widows like Lady Sweetapple should not dance, provided they dance well, and are attractive enough to get partners."

"Well, mamma," said the forward Florry, "it is no use arguing the matter when you and Alice are agreed. The fact is, you both are much fonder of Lady Sweetapple than I am, or shall ever be. When Alice knows more of the world, and has seen her nicest partners carried off after supper by that odious Lady Sweetapple, she won't like her any better than I."

"Well, let us drop Lady Sweetapple," said Lady Carlton, "and eat our luncheon in peace and charity with all men and women."

"I wish that were always so easy, mamma," said Florry. "Dear me, what vexations there are in life!"

"Dreadful, my dear," said her mother, with a laugh. "Two seasons, or rather one and a half, have turned you into a moralist, as well as the assertor of young ladies' rights against widows and married women."

"Don't tease poor Florry, mamma," said Alice; "but do tell us who is coming besides Lady Sweetapple."

"Here is the list," said Lady Carlton. "Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram, Mr. Beeswing, Colonel and Mrs. Barker, Edward Vernon, and Harry Fortescue, and, I forgot, Count Pantouffles."

"Well, I must say," said Florry, "the company improves as it goes on. As for Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram, I shall get on very well with them. They never quarrel except with themselves; and, if you can contrive to keep them apart and out of one another's sight the whole time they are here, no doubt they will be very happy, and go away declaring they have had a charming visit. Mrs. Barker is a good

creature. I only wish she had studied the harmony of colors a little more. Nor is the colonel bad company till he begins to tell one of his Indian stories. Mr. Beeswing is always delightful. I, for one, am glad he is coming, if for no other reason than that I am sure he hates Lady Sweetapple. I do so hope he will make some fun out of her. As for the two others, we all know that Alice likes Edward Vernon; and as for me; why, I suppose I must put up with Harry."

"O Florry!" said Alice, through a very dawn of blushes; "how can you go on saying that I like Edward Vernon, when I have scarcely seen him half a dozen times in my life?"

"Never mind, darling, what I say," said Florry. "Then you don't like Edward; and Lady Sweetapple, that she-wolf in widow's weeds, has your perfect leave to carry him off if she can. As for only seeing Edward Vernon half a dozen times, that's a story I never expected to hear from a little woman usually so truthful. You have seen him a dozen times at least. And, again, I should like to know what has become of that creature of our earliest imaginations—Love at first sight? What has become of Cupid in that shape? Does he never come down like a god, and take a strong and stubborn heart by storm in the twinkling of an eye? Ah! I see, he fled from earth when we all became so selfish and matter-of-fact."

"Who is teasing now?" said Lady Carlton, infinitely amused at the impetuous Florry's attack on the bashful Alice. "But what do you mean by putting up with Harry? I always thought Harry Fortescue was the most charming young man of the present time."

"So he is," said Florry; "and I can safely say so because we are good friends and nothing more. To my mind, the great charm of Harry Fortescue is, that he never makes love. All he seems to care about is to enjoy himself as much as he can, and to throw himself with heart and soul into the amusement of the hour. I never saw any one so earnest in his pleasure; it is pleasure for pleasure's sake, and not pleasure for the sake of love-making."

"Yes, Florry," cried Alice; "and that's just what dear Miss Stokes used to say was so awful in a young person's life—'the reckless pursuit of pleasure.' Don't you remember how she used to warn us against amusement and pleasure except as a means to a great end?"

"All stuff and nonsense, Alice; and let me tell you, if you go on bringing Miss Stokes to witness against me, I won't sleep in the same room with you. No! you sha'n't ever see me do my back hair. I won't walk with nor sit next you at church. No! Thank Heaven, the rule of Miss Stokes in this house came to an end when she gave you her last lesson and papa settled a pension on her."

"Come, Florence," said Lady Carlton, "I can't let you abuse poor Miss Stokes, to whom both you and Alice owe so much. No doubt you are both right; she certainly, when she warned you both against the reckless pursuit of pleasure; and you, in your turn, when you say that you like to see young men like Harry Fortescue enter heartily into the amusements of life. Both views are perfectly compatible with Christian duty, and I, for one, am sure that I trust the day will never come when Englishmen and Englishwomen will either pursue pleasure as though it were the sole end and aim of existence, or look so morosely on cheerful and harmless amusements as to turn society into a Methodist meeting-house."

"Well, mamma," said Miss Florence, "I am sure both Alice and I are much obliged to you for your able explanation and reconciliation of duty and amusement; but, what I want to know is, why we can't amuse ourselves without thinking of any thing else. It is so provoking, just when you are looking forward to a waltz, to find your partner trying to coax you into a conservatory, or lingering in the recess of a window, only to babble out a few disjointed words, which mean nothing but that he hopes and trusts that, at some future time, if all goes well, he may look forward to—what! why, only to meeting one again! As if one would ever care to meet a man again who wastes the precious moments, which ought to be spent in whirling round the room, in such unmeaning nothings! That's why I like Harry Fortescue; he never wastes time in phillandering. If he has any thing to say, he says it outright. And, as for dancing, I do declare, after a season and a half's experience, there never was such a dancer."

"No one can say that you are not an enthusiastic advocate for dancing," said Lady Carlton, as she gave her eldest daughter a kiss, happy in the pleasure and loveliness of her children, and perhaps not without a feeling of relief that neither of them as yet had shown any decided preference for any one of the many young men whom they met in society.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TABLE-TALK.

IN commenting upon the reconstruction of Chicago, the New-York *World* laments that the burnt city must be rebuilt upon its old plan, and that the opportunity of introducing methods better adapted to the conditions of modern civilization cannot be made use of. "The people of Chicago have neither time nor money for experiment," it says; "they must begin to reconstruct at once on the old sites and the old foundations, and upon streets already curbed, sewered, and paved, in order that the population of the city may be provided for, and its commercial life resuscitated without delay." It is impossible, hence, that they should give us the ideal city of the nineteenth century, which the *World* describes as having wide spaces in the business-portions, with the employment of mechanical contrivances for the transportation of merchandise, and affording the freest access from one part to another, while residences should spread over a broad area beyond the limits of the tumultuous marts, where every house could have a goodly expanse of ground about it filled with trees and shrubbery. Since the steam-engine ushered in the era of rapid locomotion, the necessity of building cities on the compact plan of former times does not exist. "Proper means of travel," says the *World*, "enable us to go ten or twenty miles as easily as our forefathers got over a few furlongs that separated their places of work from their places of rest. There is no reason why a man should not spend his days in the din and turmoil of the wharves and exchanges, and walk in the close of the evening amid the trees and vines of a rural home." If the sole purpose of erecting cities were to afford the opportunity of exchanging commodities, an ideal city like that described by the *World* would be eminently practicable; but we apprehend that a city of splendid rural distances would scarcely answer to the needs or expectations of civilized communities. It is not sufficient for men having social and intellectual wants, that they are provided with rapid transit between their warehouses and their dormitories; nor in any just sense could that be considered a metropolis that simply multiplied the space and conditions of a village. A rich, specific, and munificent life arises from the compactness of settlement in cities, which diffusion and distribution would more or less impair. The opera and the theatre, the club, the reading-room, the library, the art-gallery, the concert, the ball, the brilliancy and animation of the promenade, the inspiring contact of crowds, the magnetism of intercourse—all of these things largely depend upon neighborhood. No means of transit could bring people together from wide parts for social purposes that would be likely to meet the needs of a scattered community, and hence the "ideal city" would be prone to divide the interest, weaken the intercourse, and abridge the pleasures of the people. Men and women, moreover, often like the stir and bustle of cities; we all know the fondness of Dr. Johnson for the London streets, and this passion is by no means peculiar. And this model

city, moreover, increases rather than ameliorates some of the greatest ills of modern life. The torments of bad cooks and ill-trained servants supply material for some of the most affecting pages in literature, and we are just discovering that the only possible relief from these pests of the household is in coöperative occupancy. This is a direction diametrically opposite to the *World's* ideal city, and we can but believe that it is far more likely to secure us a model adapted to the wants and tastes of cultivated people. There are persons, of course, who would prefer suburban residences, and for these there will never be wanting means for the gratification of their tastes; but the ideal city, we imagine, must attempt to scientifically provide for the compact neighborhood of conditions that make up cities. Some months since we argued, in these pages, for the utilization of air-spaces in great cities; we showed that buildings might be erected that would give, in immediate proximity to all the activities of the town, pure air, complete seclusion, and the maximum of household conveniences. We have just completed, in New York, two or three large and really splendid buildings for occupancy on the French-flat system. In these structures there may be found all those modern inventions that save labor and simplify housekeeping. But great improvements are, no doubt, possible, and one we consider to be the construction of gardens on the roofs of these buildings. Houses may now be constructed of fire-proof material, and steam elevators enable occupants to reach the eighth story of a building easier than the second story of an ordinary structure; these two facts indicate the possibility of obtaining good air, seclusion, the charm of flowers and green vines, in the heart of the town, and within reach of all those things that give to great cities their social advantages.

— It is now nearly three years since the London Dialectical Society appointed a committee to investigate "the phenomena alleged to be spiritual manifestations." The result of its labors has just been embodied in a volume which, however unsatisfactory it may be, when regarded as evidence either for or against the claims of spiritualism, contains a great deal of interesting and suggestive matter, particularly in the correspondence appended. The committee, which consisted, after some changes, of thirty-four members, was resolved into six sub-committees, to each of which was assigned a certain field for investigation. Professor Huxley was invited to coöperate, but declined. He says, in his reply: "The only case of spiritualism I have had the opportunity of examining into for myself, was as gross an imposture as ever came under my notice. But supposing the phenomena to be genuine—they do not interest me. . . . The only good that I can see in a demonstration of the truth of spiritualism is, to furnish an additional argument against suicide. Better live a crossing-sweeper than die and be made to talk twaddle by a medium hired at a guinea a *séance*." A number of other distinguished men, among them Mr. G. H. Lewes, express a similar incredulity, while Mr. A. R. Wallace asserts his belief in the spirits. The reports of the several com-

mittees are, in brief, as follows: Sub-committee No. 1 held forty meetings, at thirty-four of which spiritualistic phenomena were observed. The conclusion of the witnesses is, that they have no longer any doubt of the existence of a certain force which, under certain bodily or mental conditions of one or more persons present, can move heavy substances and cause sounds, audible to all present, to proceed from them, without contact between such persons and such substances; and that this force is frequently directed by intelligence. Sub-committee No. 2 is more explicit. Its members are of opinion that they "presumably established occasional communication with a number of spirits, or intelligences, announced to be such by themselves;" and "that such presumed spirits displayed distinct individualities, each having a manner peculiar to itself, and rapping delicately, emphatically, or deliberately, as the case might be, expressing, as it were, character, mood, and temper." Sub-committee No. 3 had evidence of the existence of this "not generally recognized force," and of an intelligence directing it, as in moving by request in a particular direction, tilting a certain number of times as required, and by tilts and taps spelling out words or sentences addressed to those present. No. 4 reports that "nothing occurred in presence of this sub-committee worth recording." No. 5 set itself the task of examining the phenomena produced through the agency of Mr. Home, but "nothing occurred at any of the meetings which could be attributed to supernatural causes." No. 6 met with similar ill-luck. From the sum of these investigations, the general committee deduce, in brief, the following propositions: 1. That sounds are produced without the concurrence of muscular action or of mechanical contrivance. 2. That movements of heavy bodies take place without mechanical contrivance or the contact of any person. 3. That these sounds and movements often occur at the times and in the manner asked for by persons present. 4. That such communications are generally of a commonplace character; but facts are sometimes correctly given which are known to only one of the persons present. 5. That the presence of certain persons seems necessary to the occurrence of the phenomena, and that of others generally adverse; but this difference does not appear to depend on any belief or disbelief concerning the phenomena. 6. That the occurrence of the phenomena is not insured by the presence or the absence of such persons respectively. This report can scarcely be satisfactory to either believer or skeptic, particularly when he reads, a little further on, the remarkable statement made by the chairman of the general committee, that "the framing of the report, and the selection, publication, and reviewing of the evidence, have practically drifted into the hands of devoted and zealous spiritualists, who are led by skilled and successful writers." The only inference that can safely be drawn from it is the apparent existence of some power inexplicable by any natural laws now known.

— The American is the inventor of the caucus, and America is *par excellence* the country of conventions, congresses, and associa-

tions. No cause is too insignificant, no sect too poor in numbers, to be without representative bodies, meeting at stated periods, and discussing the interests in behalf of which they assemble. It is all the more strange that Americans are not "clubbable" beings. Our social clubs are few and far between; Major Pendennises, whose heaven on earth is a club bow-window, are rarely to be found. What clubs we have are almost the exclusive domain of bachelors; feminine influence is very powerful in this country in keeping the Benedicts at home. In truth, notwithstanding the croakers and the American tourists who return from abroad dazzled with the polish and mannerisms of Continental society, home life is keenly appreciated, and anxiously looked forward to and heartily enjoyed by most Americans. The English system of clubs cannot but have many bad effects upon domestic happiness; and, although we have the reputation in England of being peculiarly fond of hotel and boarding-house life, it is doubtful whether, after all, "the merry homes of England" are as numerous in proportion or as merry as those of Yankeeedom. But there is one class much benefited in the old country by clubs, and that is the class which is engrossed through a long day with hard labor for subsistence, and for which the evening is the only time when there is leisure either to dissipate or to improve themselves. The English "working-man" has, at last, been discovered by his social superiors to be "a man and a brother." Suffrage has been conferred upon him; he has been given the right to send his children to school, and has acquired for himself a trades-union power which enables him to protect himself against the rich employer of labor. Soon the ballot will add another arm to his already-extended political authority. This advance of the working-man to be a prominent figure in society and power in the state has had, among other results, that of establishing "working-men's clubs;" and this is a matter of more importance, probably, to the future of England than appears at first sight. For these clubs, which are rapidly increasing, and will soon spread through every English town where working-men inhabit, are not mere lounging-places where to dissipate idle hours. They are really schools for adults—places where rational amusement is had, facts learned, ideas disseminated, the taste improved, and temptations counteracted. They are found to be, in a multitude of cases, effectual antidotes to the bad habit of loitering away the nights in bar-rooms and public-houses; for the wise spirits whose idea it has been to found them have been careful to suggest occupations which are at once entertaining, innocent, and useful. There are billiards and cards, lectures and debates, current literature and bodily refreshment. The establishment of such clubs in this country, everywhere, would, it would seem, be one not ineffectual means of reducing the number of the intemperate and criminal among the working-class. One of the roots of these evils—the necessity of some recreation after the hard day's toil—would be thus struck at, and an experiment which has proved to be a success in England would not be likely to fail here.

—Some time, in October last, the literary men of England engaged pretty generally in one of their periodical raids on this country because of the refusal of Congress to enact an international copyright law. As usual, a vast amount of bitterness was exhibited, and, if possible, a more than usual amount of ignorance as to the real state of the question. The controversy became so fierce at last that the *London Times* was compelled to close its columns to the combatants, and at least one libel-suit is announced as a consequence of the foray. None of the disputants seemed to be aware of the fact that the only difficulty in the way of granting an American copyright to English authors in this country is one which has been created by the cupidity of English publishers, who demand that the American law shall be so framed as to further their special interests, to the detriment of our book-manufacturers, without regard to the interest of the English authors. There is little opposition in this country to the enactment of a law which would grant to English authors their just rights, but there is a natural and reasonable unwillingness to allow English publishers to force English copies of books into our market to the manifest detriment of our own printers and publishers. During the height of the controversy, Mr. W. H. Appleton, the senior member of the firm of D. Appleton & Co., was in England, and, his house being assailed among others, he addressed a letter to the *Times*, which will be found at length in our Miscellany, and of the effect of which the able London correspondent of the *New-York Tribune* gives the following account: "Of Mr. Appleton's letter it is not too much to say that it has changed the aspect of the discussion. The literary merit of it is remarkable. It is a clear, forcible, pungent, and perfectly good-natured statement. One almost regrets that a man who knows the use of the English language as well as Mr. Appleton should be publishing books instead of writing them. I shall not undertake to condense his letter, for I hope that, although it fills a column, you will find room to reprint the whole. It is the testimony of an expert, and is a more complete statement than I have seen on his side of the question. Those who have all along taken it for granted that the American publishers were the opponents of a copyright law will be surprised by Mr. Appleton's declaration that he, as an American publisher of large experience, is in favor of such a law, and believes that his conviction is shared by a large number, if not by a majority, of his countrymen. He would have it exclusively an authors' copyright—a limitation which might be made the basis of a compromise that would, I presume, satisfy nearly all Englishmen except those interested in the manufacture of books. You will not fail to notice Mr. Appleton's remark that the most effective weapon of the enemies of an international copyright law in the United States is a batch of English newspapers after one of their periodical explosions. Still keener is his reply to Mr. Collins, who complains that the Appletons reprinted his novel and paid him nothing for it. Mr. Appleton says it is very likely they did, though he never heard of it, but he takes a random shot, and, knowing nothing of the

fate of Mr. Collins's novel, offers to give him all the profits if he will indemnify them against loss. The letter abounds in telling points."

—The admirers of Charles Dickens in his native town of Portsmouth are determined to do him some palpable and material honor. In vain they are reminded that in his will he earnestly deprecated any purpose of erecting a monument or other sculptured memorial to him; in vain he left it, as a last and earnest wish, that his fame among his countrymen should "rest upon his published works." The Portsmouthians are resolute, and are of one mind as to a memorial, being only divided as to what the memorial shall be. Violence was done to the dead novelist's wishes when, instead of interring him in the quiet country church-yard which he chose as his resting-place, he was laid among the sombre shades of the great abbey; but he himself would doubtless be partly consoled for this, could he look on men's works from the spirit-land, to see that no fulsome epitaph in irregular lines and pompous phrase disfigured his tomb; for its simple legend, "Charles Dickens," is an ample and perfect record. The Portsmouthian proposal has elicited many suggestions as to what would be the best memorial to the novelist in the town of his birth. One suggests a plain granite shaft on the public common, with the name and dates of birth and death; another, the erection of a hospital, school, or other charity, to illustrate Dickens's humane and catholic heart—as if Dickens would be honored by one more institution lorded over by British bumble-dom! A better idea than either seems to be for the town to purchase the plain, old-fashioned house in which her illustrious son was born, repair it, and enclose it, keeping it in good order as a perpetual memento of him, as the birthplace of Shakespeare is kept in Stratford-on-Avon. It is curious in what out-of-the-way places men of genius are sometimes born; this natal house of Dickens is described as a quaint old building in an obscure street, a curiosity in itself. A charming description of it appears in one of Mr. Fields's recent "Whispering-Gallery" chats, from which it appears that its memories are not restricted to the novelist's birth, but extend to some of his creations, Mr. Vincent Crummies in particular standing out as one of its haunting spirits. The purchase and care of this house would not conflict with the letter, at least, of Dickens's expressed desire; and, although the pilgrimages to it would not probably be so numerous as to the banks of the Avon, it would keep the memory of the novelist alive among the succeeding generations of his fellow-townsmen, and lead many to take that charming Kentish trip which Dickens himself has described so often and so lovingly.

—We observe that Wilkie Collins has dramatized and produced in London a stage-version of his novel of "The Woman in White," and that Mr. Reade has prepared for the stage a play founded upon his story of "Griffith Gaunt." Here we discover how novelists may favorably extend the use of the materials they have gathered and multiply their profits largely. The certainty that a

novel may be dramatized, and acquire in this new form a fresh popularity, and largely a new constituency, would, if generally practised, affect materially this kind of literature. It would insure greater care and better preparation; it would enforce more directness and simplicity in construction; it would render fiction more dramatic and picturesque, and far less didactic and discursive. Altogether we should consider an influence of this kind favorable, and we hope to see the example of Mr. Collins and Mr. Reade followed by others of their profession.

Scientific Notes.

Recent French Zoological Discoveries.

TWO naturalists, who have been more than usually successful in their investigations of the faunas of distant and little-known countries, have recently returned to France, and are now engaged in working out the results of their arduous expeditions. These are M. le Père Armand David and M. Alfred Grandidier.

M. le Père Armand David is a missionary priest of the order of Lazarists, who was for many years resident at Peking. Here he devoted much time and attention to the fauna of the surrounding country, which was at that period little known, and, entering into communication with the authorities of the Jardin des Plantes, of Paris, supplied that establishment with many interesting novelties. Among these one of the most remarkable was a new deer with very peculiar horns and a long tail, which was named by M. Alphonse Milne-Edwards *Elaphurus Davidianus*, after its indefatigable discoverer. But, about two years ago Father David moved the seat of his investigations into still more promising quarters. It was, we believe, the magnificent new species of pheasants transmitted by Bishop Chauveau from Tatsien-leou—a town in Western Szechuen upon the frontiers of Tibet—that first called his attention to the probable richness of this district in other departments of zoology. Nor have his expectations been in any way disappointed. The collections of mammals, birds, and reptiles, obtained by Father David during the recent exploration of *Moupin*, as this portion of the Celestial Empire is termed by the French writers, have of late years seldom been equalled in any part of the world for extent or variety. The fauna of these mountains seems to be a sort of pendant to that of the Himalayas. The singular *Elurus*, or wuh, of Nopaul, is replaced by a larger and even stranger form, the *Europus* of M. Milne-Edwards, a large bear-like mammal, quite distinct from any thing previously known. A long-haired monkey inhabits the pine forests, remarkable for the development of its nose, which the same naturalist has proposed to name *Rhinopithecus*. The *Taia* of the Mishnees of Upper Assam (*Budorcas taxicolor*) is represented by a second species of this most singular genus of Ruminants. A new form of Cervidae is remarkable for its small horns and well-developed canines; and there are a host of interesting novelties belonging to the insectivorous and rodent orders. In birds, M. Jules Verreaux, to whom the working out of this part of M. David's collections has been assigned, has already discriminated upward of thirty new species. Among these many belong to the remarkable genera discovered by Mr. Hodgson in the hill-forests of Nepal, and hitherto unknown to occur else-

where. Perhaps the most noteworthy of them is a small Passerine form allied to *Pterodactylus*, which has only three toes, a phenomenon hitherto unknown in that typical order of birds. The reptiles and batrachians obtained by Father David in Moupin are also said to contain many novelties. Since the lamented death of Professor Duméril, their investigation has, we believe, been undertaken by Professor Blanchard, who has brought before the French Academy a notice of one of the most extraordinary animals of the latter group. This is no other than a gigantic aquatic salamander allied to, but distinct from, the now well-known *Sieboldia maxima* of Japan. The discovery of this form of life in Continental Asia is a fact of the highest significance as regards geographical distribution, as it was previously believed to be in the present epoch confined to the Japanese Islands, though remains of a closely-allied animal (*Andrias scheuchzeri*) are found in the tertiary freshwater deposits of Central Europe.

While Father David has been laboring among the snows of Central Asia, another not less arduous devotee of science has been risking his life in the tropical forests of Madagascar, and has likewise made many brilliant discoveries. M. Alfred Grandidier, who has now returned from, we believe, his third voyage of discovery in that strange island, has shown that the riches and eccentricities of its fauna have not yet been exhausted. His collections, which have only reached the Jardin des Plantes very recently, although brought to France before the political storm of last autumn commenced, have not yet been fully examined. But they are said to contain very full series of several species of Lemuridae, the comparison of which is likely to lead to important results, besides examples of a new genus of Rodentia, and many other mammals of high interest. M. Grandidier has also paid much attention to the fossil deposits of Southern Madagascar, which contain the remains of the extinct gigantic bird, *Appornis maxima*, and has arrived at some important results (such as the former presence of *Hippopotamus* in Madagascar), which may ultimately tend to modify some of the views generally held concerning the true nature of the fauna of this island and its origin.

Sir Roderick I. Murchison.

Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, the eminent British geologist, died in England October 23d. He was born in Taradale, Scotland, in 1792, and was educated at Durham School and the Military College of Marlow. He served in Spain and Portugal with the thirty-sixth Regiment from 1807 till 1816, and afterward became captain in the sixth Dragoons. About 1822 he was induced by Mrs. Murchison and his friend, Sir Humphry Davy, to devote himself to those scientific pursuits which have since conferred such merited distinction on his name. In 1831 he began a systematic examination of the older sedimentary deposits in England and Wales, and, after seven years' labor, he succeeded in establishing what he termed the Silurian System, comprehending a succession of strata, previously unknown, which lie below the Old Red sandstone. In 1839 he gave the result of his researches in the elaborate work entitled "The Silurian System," which was illustrated by five geological maps (one map alone cost seven thousand five hundred dollars), and one hundred and sixty-six plates of fossils and fine woodcuts. This work at once placed him in the foremost rank of geologists, and gave a strong impulse to geological science.

In 1840 Captain Murchison, in company

with M. de Verneuil and Count Keyserling, began, at the request of the Czar Nicholas, a geological survey of the Russian Empire. The results of this survey were published in 1845, in two large volumes, profusely illustrated, which were translated into the Russian language by Colonel Oseraky. The czar signified his appreciation of Captain Murchison's services by presenting him with a magnificent colossal vase of Siberian aventurine, mounted on a column of porphyry, and by conferring on him, with other marks of distinction, the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Stanislaus.

In 1846, upon his return to England, Captain Murchison received the honor of knighthood, and continued to take a leading part in diffusing knowledge regarding the formation of the earth. In 1854 he published a second edition of "Siluria," with a brief sketch of the distribution of gold over the earth. In 1855 he succeeded Sir H. de la Beche in the office of Director-General of the Geological Survey of the British Isles. Sir Roderick served four terms as president of the Geological Society, and has been over twenty years president of the Royal Geographical Society. He contributed upward of one hundred and twenty papers to the transactions of various scientific bodies, and, during a number of years, delivered anniversary addresses to the Geographical Society, which were valuable reviews of the progress made in geographical and geological knowledge. Sir Roderick was the first who publicly expressed the opinion that gold must exist in Australia. He received numerous honors from scientific bodies, and was a member of all the principal academies of Europe.

An admirable trait in his character was the deep interest he felt in the fate of Dr. Livingstone. He was unwearied in his efforts to learn tidings of his distinguished friend, and to the last had firm confidence in his safety.

Dr. R. Angus Smith, who has recently devoted his vacations to antiquarian exploration in the West Highlands, has discovered a lake-dwelling in a large moss on the shores of Loch Etive, the platform of which is sixty feet in diameter, with the dwelling in the middle, fifty feet in length by twenty-eight feet in breadth. He has also discovered, in a large cairn, a megalithic structure, consisting of two chambers, each twenty feet in length, connected by a narrow passage nearly as long. One broken urn, and the fragments of four others, were likewise found.

Miscellany.

English Authors and American Publishers.

THE following letter, addressed by Mr. WILLIAM H. APPLETON, of the publishing-firm of D. Appleton & Co., of New York, to the editor of the London *Times*, appeared in that journal on the 20th of October last:

"SIR: In passing through London, on my way home from the Continent, I find the English press warmly engaged in discussing the American copyright question, and, as the publishing-firm in New York, of which I am senior, has been made the object of special reprobation by your correspondents, I ask space for a few words of rejoinder, and for some suggestions upon the general subject, which I think called for at the present time.

"In your editorial strictures upon this question of the 14th of October you remark:

'We do not suppose any thing which could be said will alter the settled determination of the Americans,' etc. There is no settled determination in the United States to withhold justice from English authors in respect of property in their works. As an American publisher of large experience, I am in favor of an international copyright law, and I believe that this conviction is shared by a large number, if not a majority, of my fellow-citizens.

"That this feeling has found but partial expression hitherto, and that no overtures have come from us, is due, more than you probably suspect, to the manner in which the English press has chosen to deal with the subject. The most effective weapon of the enemies of an international copyright law in the United States is a batch of English newspapers after one of your periodical explosions upon the subject. I am happy, however, to note that there are signs of amendment in this particular.

"It is a standing charge, and lately re-echoed in all directions, that the present treatment of English authors by American publishers is disgraceful. Although popular novelists, it is said, may get something decent for their advanced sheets, yet the hard-working authors of valuable books get nothing, or such 'paltry pittance' as are not worth naming. The number of those who make books and get very small pay for it, or no pay whatever, and whom no laws can ever help, is very large, of course, with us as with you, for only profitable books can pay. But, under existing arrangements, all books of value can be made to pay very fairly in the United States, and, if they do not, it is due in a great degree to the author's mismanagement.

"To the above charge, as it is broadly made and generally believed here, I am able to give a flat contradiction. The house I represent has been laboring for years to establish direct relations with English authors, so that they may get the entire profits of authorship, on our side, and, in paying them, we have put them upon substantially the same footing as our own authors. We have not waited for an international copyright law, but have practically anticipated it and given your authors its benefits. There is a standard of payment with us to our own authors, which is generally accepted as fair and just, and (in consideration of such advantages as they can give us) all your authors with whom we could arrange we pay upon this scale; and, not on your novels merely, but on grave works of philosophy, science, and history. Of the numerous books, for example, of Herbert Spencer, Dr. Tyndall, Professor Huxley, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. Darwin, which we publish under this arrangement, and which are certainly not very 'light reading,' every copy sold pays its author what he would have were he born in New York. We have paid thousands of pounds upon such solid works, have urged this system upon your authors, and have paid them thrice as much on the first year's sales as they asked for advanced sheets, knowing that we lost an immediate bargain, but believing that the establishment of the principle would, in the end, be best for all. We commenced this policy a dozen years ago, have gone on extending it year by year, and within these last few months a scheme has originated with us to carry out the plan more systematically for the benefit of a larger number of your authors; and on terms more advantageous to them than any copyright can ever secure.

"But, it will be asked, 'Do you not reprint foreign books without the author's consent and without payment?' To which I answer, certainly and often. But observe the circum-

stances. By the laws of all countries, the author's right to his property in a book is contingent upon his asking to have it protected; is never recognized unless he complies with certain requirements, and then only for a limited time. By his neglect to 'register,' the book becomes common property, as it does, at any rate, after a given date. If a book comes to us unprotected by law, and nobody protests, we treat it just as your publishers treat a book the copyright of which has expired, and just as they treat American books, whether anybody protests or not. But, if the foreign author applies to us at first, and we then publish his book, we hold ourselves morally bound to pay him.

"It is taken for granted all round in this discussion that the Americans are opposed to an international copyright law. On what evidence? That England has proffered it, and we have rejected it—perhaps over and over again. But this only proves that we object to certain forms of it. I deny that the Americans have ever rejected an authors' international copyright law from you, or ever had a chance to. If England has offered to the United States a treaty shaped for the simple protection of her authors in that country, it is a diplomatic secret, and I can assure you the American people have never suspected it. No scheme you have ever proposed stops with its nominal purpose. Avowedly an authors' copyright, it is really an authors and publishers' copyright that is demanded of us. You may not see the difference; Americans do. They see that, while the author has a just claim, the publisher has no claim whatever; while every arrangement that England has hitherto offered is but a kind of legal saddle for the English publisher to ride his author into the American book-market. It is well understood with us that your proffered forms of copyright are less in the interest of authors than in the interest of the English book-manufacturer, and it is these forms that the Americans have rejected. Any treaty which makes the English author and the English publisher joint parties to supply us with books, if negotiated by the two governments, would be repudiated by our people in a year. They believe earnestly in their policy of cheap books, and will not expose it to the peril threatened by an English publishers' copyright. The superior advantages of our system are felt even in Canada. The Canadians will have our cheap reprints instead of your honest editions, and to this the English Government consents, suspends the laws of the empire in the case of a single province, colludes with 'Yankee pirates,' and robs its own authors that Canadians may have our cheap books. I say robs its authors, for, although a ten per cent. tax is levied by the Canadian Government on reprints from the United States for the benefit of the author, I am informed by London publishers that money from this source would be a curiosity.

"The United States now contain nearly forty million inhabitants, and they are eminently a book-buying people. The American market for English books is already great, and is destined to become immense. I believe that our people would rejoice to open this vast opportunity to your intellectual laborers. They are not ungrateful; they know the extent of their obligations to your thinkers, and they will be glad to do them justice when the way is shown. But they hold themselves perfectly competent to manufacture the books that shall embody your authors' thoughts, in accordance with their own needs, habits, and tastes, and in this they will not be interfered with.

"I am of opinion that an international

copyright law, rigorously in the author's interest, requiring him to make contracts for American republication directly with American publishers, and taking effect only upon books entirely manufactured in the United States, would be acceptable to our people.

"I have been unexpectedly called upon to make this communication in vindication of my house and the American people, and the occasion has compelled me to speak more from a personal point of view than would be otherwise agreeable; but I feel sure that my brother-publishers in America will substantially agree in what I have said, and would have taken a similar course in like circumstances. As to the English publishers, many of whom are my cordial friends, I trust they will not be offended that I have presented the case plainly and directly. Nothing at present is more desirable than to divest the question of the false aspects lent to it by passion, prejudice, ignorance, and class interest, and to deal with it candidly, broadly, and searchingly. Having recently adjusted one of the most embarrassing international differences that could arise between two nations, it is surely not impossible to settle this on the basis of equity and mutual satisfaction.

"A few words, now, to my assailants. Mr. Collins says we reprinted his novel, and paid him nothing, which is very likely, although I never heard of it. The book was probably one of those picked up at a slack time to keep men at work, and I trust the author does not flatter himself that international copyright can ever help the case of such books. But, knowing nothing of the fate of his novel, I take a random shot: if he will indemnify us against loss, we will give him all the profits.

"M. D. complains that we reprinted his 'Body and Mind,' and he heard nothing from us. Our complaint is, that we heard nothing from him. We first published his large work by arrangement to pay him on the sales as we pay our home authors. The sale has been slow, yet we paid him something, and expect to pay him more. We considered that we were fairly entitled, when he made a new and more popular book, that he should give us a chance with it. He chose to commit it to a New-York branch of a London house, and the lesson of the case is, that he must not put his faith in 'branches.'

"M. D.'s is ironical in regard to the doings of 'respectable' publishers. Let me remind him that it was widely whispered in the United States that his work was more deeply indebted for valuable but unacknowledged ideas to 'Spencer's Psychology' (which happens to be widely read there) than is quite consistent with 'respectable' authorship. He applies to us an extract from an American medical journal; I might retort an extract from a British medical publication confirming the impression current in America—but I have already trespassed too greatly upon your space.

"WILLIAM H. APPLETON,
of the firm of D. Appleton & Co.

"16 LITTLE BRITAIN."

Sale of the Empress Eugenie's Personal Effects.

The auctioneer was a self-sufficient sort of commonplace bourgeois. He did his best to be jocular at the expense of fallen greatness. In liquidating the imperial effects, he was assisted by an old clerk, two men wearing threadbare imperial liveries, and a strong-voiced valuer, who, contrary to the traditions of Paris auctioneers, puffed the wares he wanted to vend. To some he attempted to give an historical value. Each article he seemed to think

was worth its weight in gold, if only as a relic. The dresses, laces, shawls, and mantles, had been disposed of on a previous day; and it was now the turn of the under-clothing and "intimate house linen" to be liquidated. Pillow-cases of fine cambric—so fine that one wonders how they supported the elaborate embroideries and deep real lace borders—were hotly contested for by a "petite dame," a shabby Jew of the Rue des Victoires, and a party of buyers belonging, I should say, to the Quartier Breda. The little lady carried off a dozen. It "poses" one, she cried, tittering as she spoke, to press the pillow on which an imperial head reposed. The cipher E happened to stand for her name, which she volunteered to tell one of the old friends of the fallen dynasty was Eulalie. As for the crown under it, *ma foi*, she was just as worthy to wear it as any one else. The old friend was not loath to cultivate the acquaintance of the sparkling fair one. He assented to this proposition, and volunteered to hold a pillow-case which the auctioneer had allowed her to take. The toveling was endless. Bundle after bundle of fine Saxony damask napkins, all with the E, the crown, the eagle, the busy Carolingian bee, and a profusion of laurel-wreaths, were handed round the vaulted room to be examined by bidders and then disposed of. Some breakfast-table napery, the present of a king, now Emperor William's first feudatory, was bought by one of the former *habitués* of the Salle des Etats. He got it cheap. One of the old gentlemen, who happened to be deaf, was furious when he found that he might have had the lot at one hundred and thirty francs. I do not know why the brokers and students were so jooose when an inside garment was held up by two dainty little sleeves, and the public asked to examine it as a fair specimen of the large bale from which it was drawn at hazard. American modesty cannot bring itself to name this garment any more than it can to speak of a shirt. If Paul de Cassagnac were as good as his oft-repeated oath, he would have run his sword-cane through the profane auctioneer's showman who held the article in question up to be scoffed at by the males, and admired by the women. French hands turn out under-clothing in a way none other can. Give a Rue de la Paix *lingère* fine Irish linen, Valenciennes lace, and a Lorraine embroiderer to execute her ideas, and she will get up a trousseau so natty, pretty, and dainty, that a Hottentot Venus would be tempted to exchange her bracelets and colored garters for it. In France, where the bump of veneration is depressed and modesty a weak virtue, they do not mind setting up to public auction body-linen. A baron whom I know eats salt fish on Fridays, and aims at a character for piety and respectability of behavior; yet I saw him preside in his *château* at the sale of his defunct mother's under-clothing, and smile at the coarse remarks of peasants who were disputing for her night-dresses. None of his aristocratic neighbors thought the worse of him. I confess that I felt shocked at what seemed to me a want of filial respect. But nobody could understand why body-linen should not be put up to auction with other assets, and, when the articles were held up to view, how could one expect that country louts would not make merry in their rough way about them? I make this digression to guard against English persons' sympathizing with the imperial exiles, from feeling angry with M. Thiers for what may seem to them a profane action. When M. Thiers dies, his shirts and hosiery will be disposed of by auction without any ceremony by his nearest of kin. There were *peignoirs* and dressing-gowns, clearly furnished by Chapon,

the famous ladies' outfitter in the Rue de la Paix, and all wonderfully elegant, but dusty and somewhat blue-moulded. The stockings of thread, silk, and Shetland wool, were of goosamer lightness. An infinity of bath and toilet sponges were knocked down at a hundred francs. They were all of the best quality. The little lady said she would have been the purchaser if the auctioneer had guaranteed that he was selling her something which had actually passed through the empress's hands. As for the boots and slippers, they justified the eulogiums passed by MM. Franc and Lockrey in their report on Parisian shoemakers. Then there were, the ladies thought, delicious things in the way of petticoats, flannel bustles, robes de chambre, sorties de bain, and woollen wraps. Some baby's robes, which, according to the salesman's legend, belonged to the prince imperial's *layette*, were bought by a Russian lady. A snuffy purchaser near me shook her head incredulously at those belongings of imperial infancy. They were sumptuously got up, she admitted, but nothing would convince her that they did not belong to some distressed *bourgeoise's* *layette*, and were not palmed off by the auctioneer to enhance their price, as having been worn by the prince.—*London Daily News*.

Queen Elizabeth.

In Paul Heintzner's "Travels," 1593, is the following description: "She was said to be fifty-five years old. Her face was rather long, white, and somewhat wrinkled; her eyes small, black, and gracious; her nose somewhat bent; her lips compressed; her teeth black (from eating too much sugar). She had ear-rings of pearls, red hair (but artificial), and wore a small crown. Her breast was uncovered (as is the case with all unmarried ladies in England), and round her neck was a chain with precious gems. Her hands were graceful, her fingers long. She was of middle size, but stepped on majestically. She was gracious and kind in her address. The dress she wore was of white silk, with pearls as large as beans. Her cloak was of black silk, with silver lace, and a long train was carried by a marchioness. She spoke English, French, and Italian; but she knew also Greek and Latin, and understood Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Wherever she turned her eyes people fell on their knees. When she came to the door of the chapel, books were handed to her, and the people called out, 'God save the Queen Elizabeth!' whereupon the queen answered, 'I thank you, myn good people.'"

The reading public will be glad to learn that Jean Ingelow, the greatest of our women-poets since the death of Mrs. Browning, is about to enter the field as a novelist. The publishers of *Heath and Home* have purchased the exclusive right to issue her first extended prose story serially in this country, and it will appear in the columns of that journal next year. A novel in form, it is a poem in delicacy of feeling and the richness of its qualities as a work of imagination.

Foreign Items.

PRINCE BISMARCK, being asked if he had read the book of Count Benedetti, Napoleon's ex-ambassador in Berlin, replied: "No. The count has personally told me so many falsehoods that I will not read any thing he has written."

Bismarck's second son is an excellent marksman. He recently had a duel with another Prussian officer, who fired at him first and

missed him. "Now, sir," said young Bismarck, "I shall shoot off some of the hair of your head!" And so he did.

The Emperor of Austria is an inveterate smoker, but he dislikes spirituous liquors. The empress, owing to her feeble health, is a strict vegetarian, and the imperial dinner-table never contains over three courses.

A young woman of Rostock, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who killed her little daughter and cut the corpse of the victim into small pieces, which she threw to her neighbor's dogs, has been sentenced to death, and will be beheaded on the 5th of November.

Count von Beust is the best linguist among the prominent diplomats of Europe. He has, in the last few years, acquired a thorough knowledge of the Czech and Hungarian languages, and speaks excellent French, English, Spanish, and Italian.

The ex-Empress Eugénie wore in Spain only deep mourning. One of the Madrid papers asserted, during her sojourn in that city, that the ex-empress had sold all her jewelry, except her wedding-ring.

President Thiers has received one million francs for his house, which was destroyed by the Communists. The appraisers had shortly before assessed the building at only two hundred thousand francs.

Jenny Lind's husband, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, announces that he will bring libelsuits against all American papers which have called him a spendthrift, and charged him with having squandered the fortune of his wife.

Emperor William of Germany was married to an actress before he married his present wife. The actress died four months after the wedding, and grief for her death nearly distracted the prince.

The *Leipzig Illustrated News*, believed to be one of the most valuable pieces of newspaper-property, has recently changed hands. It was sold for four hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Ferdinand Freilgrath, the German poet, denounces, in a card which has created a profound sensation in Germany, the International Association, of which he was formerly a member.

The publishers of the German translation of Victor Hugo's new work, "The Terrible Year," have been informed by the government that the sale of the book will not be permitted in Germany.

The people of Marseilles are greatly excited in consequence of the opening of the port of St.-Louis, which, they are afraid, will eventually destroy the commercial prosperity of their city.

A rogue named Calvin Bennett, pretending to hail from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, has been convicted of picking a woman's pocket in Berlin, and sent to the penitentiary for nine years.

The Emperor of Germany attributes his robust health to the constant eating at every meal of black bread. He says he never knows what indigestion is.

Dr. Ignatius von Doellinger was formerly a great favorite of the pope, who at one time intended to appoint him Archbishop of Munich.

The best-paid preacher in the world is probably the rabbi of the great Berlin synagogue. He receives twenty thousand dollars a year.

One of the most skilful of the Prussian detectives is a young lady of Polish descent. Her task is to watch the swindlers who deal in forged commercial paper.

The Vienna *Presse*, once the most popular paper of the city, was sold recently for ninety thousand florins. Three years ago its good-will was appraised at half a million florins.

The Princess Alice of Hesse-Darmstadt, Queen Victoria's daughter, has recently published a new novel, written in German. It is entitled "The Dream of a Day."

They are organizing, in Germany, a large stock-company, for the purpose of conveying emigrants, at very low rates, to the United States.

There are, in Prussia, nine executioners, whose annual income exceeds ten thousand dollars. They receive five hundred dollars for beheading a criminal.

The *Westliche Post*, of St. Louis, has the largest circulation in Germany of any American newspaper.

A monument, seventy-five feet in height, will be erected at Havre next spring in honor of Alexandre Dumas.

The sale of Theodore Tilton's biography of Victoria Woodhull has been prohibited in Germany.

The Paris *Sécle* has been purchased by a stock-company. Victor Hugo is among the largest stockholders.

The Hungarians boast of having three daily papers, whose circulation is larger than that of any journal published in Germany.

Anthony Trollope has finally lost his lawsuit against the German publishers who reprinted his works.

The Emperor of Russia has a cat and a dog, of which he is very fond. The two animals accompany him on all his travels.

Ricciotti Garibaldi will be married next spring to George Sand's only daughter.

The Princess of Serbia is said to be a kleptomaniac.

Nélaton, the celebrated French surgeon, has settled permanently in London.

The Sultan of Turkey pays annual pensions to five French authors.

Berthold Auerbach intends to remove to Vienna.

Varieties.

WE give an illustration this week (see last page) of one of the poor neighborhoods of New York—one of those quarters from which issue the free and independent citizens who give "fraud and corruption" their big majorities in our misruled city. This is not a fancy sketch, but depicts a scene in First Avenue near Thirty-eighth Street, one of the worst sections of the city. The houses here are constructed without much regard to architectural orders: they are neither Corinthian, Ionic, Doric, Gothic, Norman, Renaissance, nor Italian, but they might be termed *Greek*. The materials employed in these democratic

places are usually stray boards from old lumber-piles; old casks, old barrels, old iron, old rags, old fragments of all sorts, serve to ornament and vary the sides and front of the buildings; and the structures thus grouped are as picturesque to the eye as their surroundings are unsavory to the nose.

Another fasting-girl has turned up in England. She is the daughter of a respectable miner living near Tresavean Mine, West Cornwall. She is stated to have lain on a couch in a darkened room for nearly nine months, only being moved for a change of linen. During this time she has been almost a total abstainer from solid or liquid food; for several weeks she has drunk nothing beyond a tablespoonful of brandy in about as much water, notwithstanding which the girl has lost very little flesh. She is one of a family of eighteen, of whom eleven are living. At times she is cheerful, but in the presence of strangers is very nervous.

The bed of the Mississippi River seems to be filling up at a rate which threatens, in the course of time, to seriously affect navigation during the dry season. This year, at St. Louis, while the surface of the water has been four feet and one inch above the lowest stage of water attained by the river in 1863, there was at the same time only about five inches' difference in the depth of the channel between these years, showing that the bottom of the river must be three feet and four inches higher than it was in 1863. So, in 1856, the bed of the river was found to be two feet and three inches higher than it was ten years previous.

Cornell University is the only one of the three hundred and sixty-nine colleges in our country which has a professorship of American history. In fact, it would surprise most of our college-professors to know that America has any history worth the teaching in comparison with the learned guesses respecting the wolf that suckled Romulus, and the Amazons who inspired the early Greeks with awe.

Saginaw County, according to the *Chicago Times*, rather prides itself on corpulent infants. The latest arrival kicks the beam at eighteen pounds, and, when he inquires for the paregoric during the lone watches of the night, he can be heard with great distinctness at a distance of ten blocks.

"Influence of Females on Society" is the heading of an article we find in the newspapers. What females? Hens, cows, mares, or she-lapdogs? When women have fully secured their rights, we trust one of them will be the privilege of not being confounded with the animal creation.

Coleridge is thus described in the memoir of Young, the tragedian: "His hair was white, long, and neglected; his complexion was florid; his features were square; his eyes watery and hazy; his brow broad and massive; his build uncouth; his deportment grave and abstracted."

The gold and silver annually produced upon the Pacific coast approximates \$80,000,000. Only a little more than twenty years have elapsed since mining was begun for these metals, during which time we have extracted and put into circulation something over \$1,200,000,000 of the precious metals.

Miss Kane, of Baltimore, set out to write a list of the wrongs of women, but found so many of them that she was driven to the conclusion that women suffer a wrong by being born at all. This disposes of the whole question in a nutshell.

Mr. Loder, who lately died in England worth fifteen million dollars, made five million dollars early in life, and let it go rolling on till it had trebled itself without much effort of its owner. The thing evidently is just to make your first million.

The Detroit papers have discovered a new method of driving away the organ-grinders. Every day or two they have a paragraph like this: "Organ-grinders in Memphis make about ten dollars a day."

Wo, the Emperor of China's secretary, is dead. So far as European interests are con-

cerned, it is rather a good riddance, inasmuch as he invariably said "Wo" when any progress in the way of foreign innovation was attempted. He was eighty.

A reader of an article in an evangelical weekly, on "converting United States five-twenties," says he longs to be a missionary in that field, and thinks he should cleave unto his flock.

In Germany the barbers have struck for five cents for hair-cutting, and two and a half cents for shaving. They are now receiving three and a half cents and one and a half cents respectively.

A farmer saw an advertised recipe to prevent wells and cisterns from freezing. He sent his money, and received the answer: "Take in your well or cistern on cold nights, and keep it by the fire."

Bulwer says poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten, and that there is really more happiness among the working-men in the world than among those who are called rich.

Customer—"I say, this umbrella I bought last week is all coming to pieces!"

Shopman—"Indeed, sir? You must have been taking it out and getting it wet, sir, I think!"

Germany has five daily and fourteen weekly papers edited by women. In Russia an order has been issued permitting women to become chemists and physicians, and to practise as surgeons.

Swedenborg says that sex is a permanent fact in human nature. Men are men, and women are women, in the highest heaven as here on earth.

The Agricultural Department reports the heaviest fleece of wool on record to have been clipped in California. It weighed seventy-eight and a half pounds.

Although five-sixths of London within the walls were destroyed by the fire of 1666, which raged four days and nights, the streets laid waste were nearly all rebuilt in four years.

We must not speak all that we know, says Montaigne, that were folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it is knavery.

It has been computed that, on an average, in London ten, in Paris thirty-five, in St. Petersburg fifty-four, and in Vienna fifty-five, persons live in one house.

In Sheffield, England, a single manufacturing establishment uses six hundred and thirty-one tons of steel annually in making pens, the product averaging one million pens to the ton.

An old bachelor at Breslau, in Germany, who for years past had been advertising for wives, was sentenced for it recently to one week's imprisonment on bread-and-water.

Why should the man who opens oysters and the man who cooks them both be admitted to holy orders? Because the one's a pryer and the other's a frier.

Over fifty Japanese are hard at study in London in international law, medicine, and other scientific branches.

There are more and better hotels, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, in New York, than in any other city in the world.

Five hundred virtuous women to one virtuous man is the latest estimate of the women's-rights women.

What did that young lady mean when she said to her lover, "You may be too late for the cars, but you can take a bus?"

Nineteen persons committed suicide this year at Monaco, in consequence of heavy losses at the gaming-table.

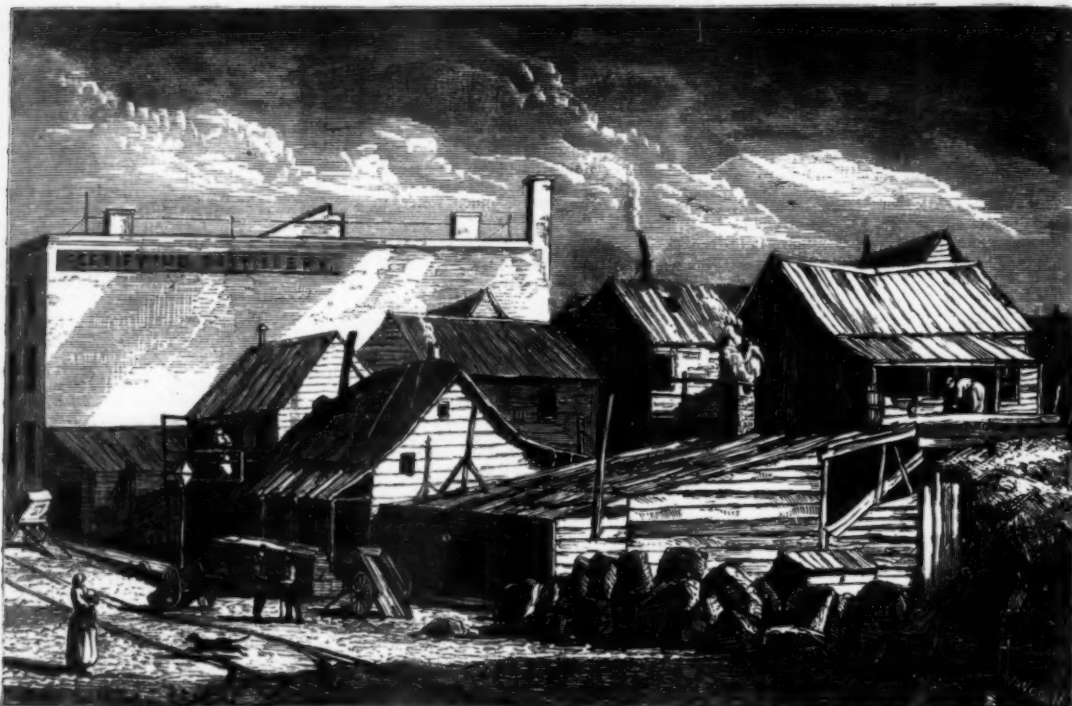
Agassiz tells about a sort of fish in Brazil which can climb trees. They are probably peculiar to the tropical climate.

Kangaroo venison is becoming a favorite dish with English epicures.

A dustman and his load are very much alike: the one is a son of toil, the other a ton of soil.

What is the use of sighing and weeping as we float down the stream? Why make the voyage of life a wailing-voyage?

Frederick the Great gave Washington a sword, bearing the inscription, "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest."



A POOR NEIGHBORHOOD IN NEW YORK.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL—CONTENTS OF NO. 140, DECEMBER 2, 1871.

	PAGE
THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY. (With Portrait of William Page.) By Susan Nichols Carter	617
COUSIN EDITH	620
AIKEN, SOUTH CAROLINA. By Paul H. Hayne	623
SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN JAVA	626
BIRDIE'S MORNING SONG. (With an Illustration.)	627
ON BAYOU TÈCHE. By James Franklin Fitts	629
THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY	629
THE NEW POST-OFFICE IN NEW YORK. (With an Illustration.)	632
LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE: Chapters I., II., and III. (With an Illustration.) By the author of "Annals of an Eventful Life."	633
TABLE-TALK	638
SCIENTIFIC NOTES	640

MISCELLANY	640
FOREIGN ITEMS	642
VARIETIES. (With an Illustration.)	643
"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!" By Rhoda Broughton, author of "Red as a Rose is She," etc. (Omitted from this number, advance-sheets not having arrived from London in time.)	

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL, the safest and best illuminating Oil ever made: used in over 150,000 families. Millions of gallons have been sold. No accidents have ever occurred from it.

Oil House of CHAS. PRATT (Established 1770), 108 Fulton St., N. Y.
Our motto—"The cheapest and best, but not lowest-priced."

OFFICE OF FISK & HATCH, Bankers and Financial Agents of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Co.,

No. 5 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

Within a year the CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD will be in operation as a through-line from the Atlantic to the Ohio, crossing the great iron beds of Virginia and the remarkable coal deposits of the Kanawha Valley. After its Western connections are completed, it will form a favorable and popular through-route between the coast cities and Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, Memphis, New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, and San Francisco.

We are now selling the last of the FIFTEEN MILLION GOLD LOAN, secured by mortgage on the whole railroad property. These bonds combine perfect safety with a fair income, and a prospective advantage in their future market value. Holders of Five-Twenties, or other high-priced securities, can exchange for these bonds, and realize a handsome increase in the amount of their invested principal and their annual income, without impairing the security of their investment.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO BONDS are issued in \$100, \$500, \$1,000; either coupon or registered; interest six per cent. gold, payable May and November. Price, for the present, 93 and accrued interest from November 1. We recommend them to our friends and customers with the same confidence with which we have always recommended the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT and the CENTRAL PACIFIC BONDS.

We buy and sell FIVE-TWENTIES, TEN-FORTIES, EIGHTY-ONES, and CENTRAL or WESTERN PACIFICS, or receive them in payment for CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO BONDS, at their current market price.

Deposit account of banks, bankers, and others, received, on which we allow four per cent. interest. Checks payable on presentation, without notice, the same as at a National Bank.

FISK & HATCH.

HARVEY FISK,
• A. S. HATCH.

STARR & MARCUS,

22 JOHN STREET (UP-STAIRS),

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF THE

Gorham Mfg Co's

STERLING SILVER WARE.

Especial attention is requested to the many new and elegant pieces manufactured expressly to our order the past year, and quite recently completed.

An unusually attractive assortment of novelties, in fancy silver, cased, for wedding-gifts, of an inexpensive character.

The works of the Gorham Company are very extensive, enabling them to employ the most accomplished talent in designing, skill in producing, and the best labor-saving machinery and method of manufacture, thus reducing the cost, and bringing these beautiful wares within the reach of almost every purchaser.

The standard of this Silver is that of British Sterling—**925**.